



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

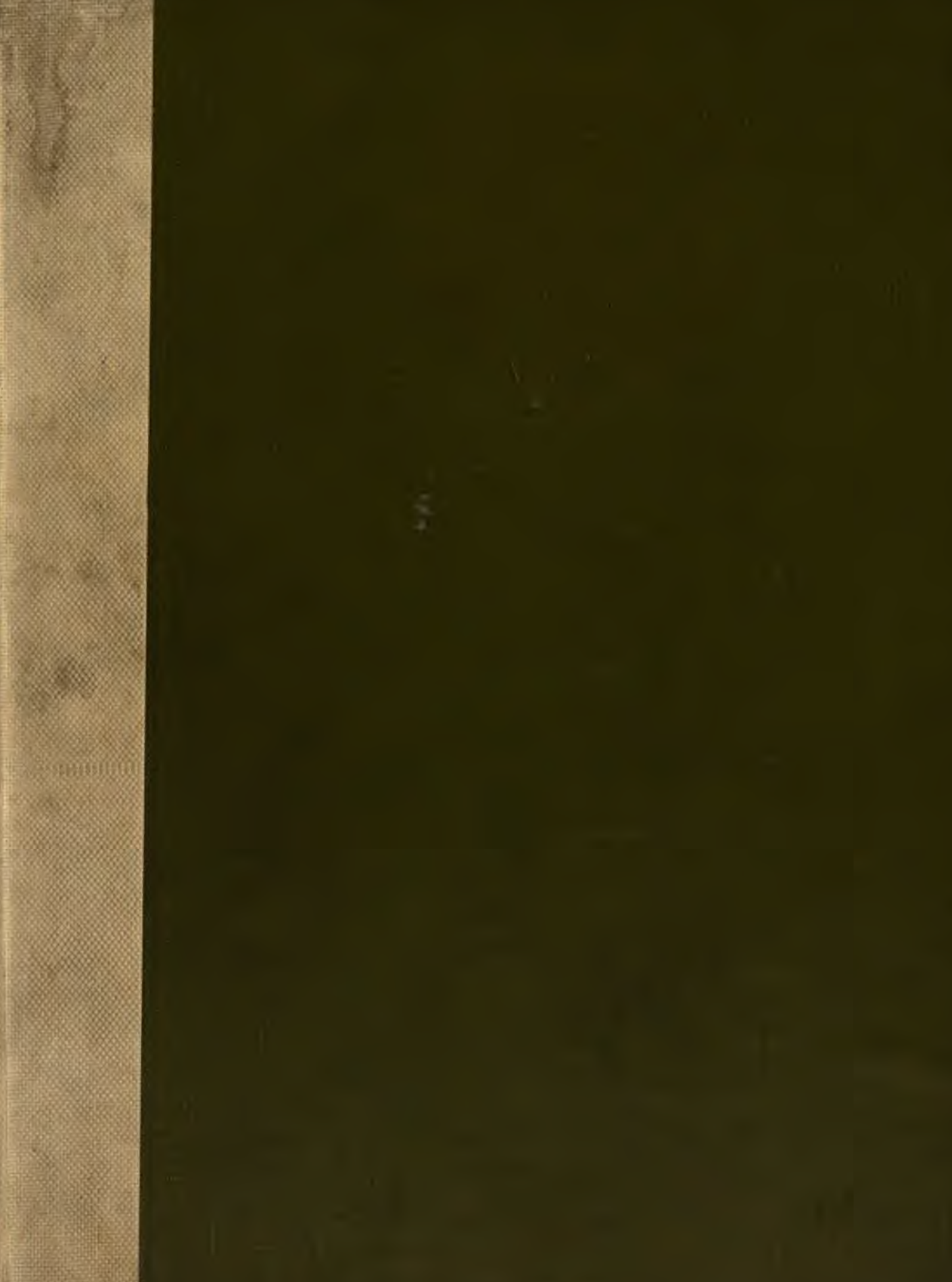
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



* 154 2.8.37.25

Harvard College Library



FROM THE FUND OF

CHARLES MINOT


Class of 1828

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Comedy Concerning
Three Laws of Nature,
Moses and Christ

The Three Laws

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Comedy Concerning
Three Laws of Nature,
Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE
BISHOP OF OSSORY

Date of the first known Edition, 1538
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

◊

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

◊

A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

Issued for Subscribers by

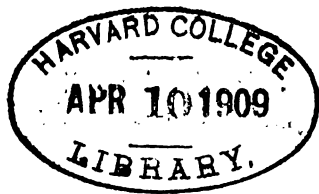
T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMVIII

15 x 28.37.25

*



Minot fund

A Comedy Concerning Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ

COMPILED BY JOHN BALE
BISHOP OF OSSORY

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, a. 12). The copy lacks the title-page, and on the fly-leaf are two extracts concerning Bale from "Wharton's History of English Poetry," apparently in the handwriting of Edmund Malone.

Another edition was printed in 1562 by Thomas Colwell, from which it would seem that there is no lacuna between G. iij. verso and G. iv. recto, and that "Brybe" is merely a blundered catchword.

The portrait of Bale on G. ii. recto is as placed in the original; and I have not thought well to utilize it, in perhaps a more fitting position, as a frontispiece.

For particulars of Bishop Bale's career—"bilious Bale"—I need not repeat what has been already sufficiently noted in the "Tudor Facsimile Texts" reprint of "God's Promises," save perhaps to add that in no other of his works is there so apparent his blunt savagery of speech against, and intolerance of, the Romish creed and practice as in "The Three Laws."

Bale's curious "Song upon Benedictus" (G. ii. verso to G. iij. verso) follows Bale's portrait in the original, and is itself followed by a metrical version of "The Commandments." The former is a mutilated transcript of "The Song of Zacharias," words being left out in the middle of each verse, and replaced by Bale with inserted words of his own.

The worm-eaten hole, plainly seen on A. ij. verso, in a line with the words "Actus primus," goes right through the book.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, again reports that "the reproduction is excellently done."

It may not be out of place to put on record the fact that my notes in respect to "faults" in these facsimiles have been thought occasionally to be somewhat hypercritical, as often no such "blurring" as is mentioned has been noticed in the special copies under the notice of these correspondents. No doubt this may be true; and it is satisfactory to get such criticism. A mechanical facsimile process must vary, perhaps even more than the "impression" in ordinary printing varies. At any rate, subscribers may rest assured that we, as responsible for the work in hand, are probably saying worse than could be said of us by even the most captious critic.

JOHN S. FARMER.



[Since writing the foregoing I have unexpectedly been put in possession of a photograph of the title-page of the more perfect copy of Bale's "Three Laws" in the Bodleian Library: I now give it in facsimile slightly reduced. Only two copies of the play are known to be extant.—J. S. F.]

te, 2 **A Comedye concerning
thre lawes, Compyled by Johan Bale.**

Baleus prolocutor.



Al ych comen welt he, most hygh prebe
myence,
Is due vnto lawes. for soch commodyte,
As is had by them. For as Cicero geueth
sentence

Where as is no lawe, can no good order be,
In nature, in people, in howse nor yet in citie.
The bodies aboue, are vnderneath a lawe,
Who coulde rule the worlde, were it not vnder a lawe.

Lyke as Chrysippus, full clarkely doth dysfynne,
Lawe is a teacher, of matters necessary,
A knowledge of thynges, both natur all and deuyne
Perswadyng all truth, dysfadyng all inury.
A gyfte of the lorde, deuoyde of all obprobry,
An wholesome doctryne, of men discrete and wyse,
A grace from aboue and a very heauenly practyse.

Our heauenly maker, mannys lymynge to direct,
The lawes of Nature, of Bondage, and of Grace,
Sent into thys worlde, with vycyousnesse infect,
In all ryghteousnesse, to walke before hys face.

But Infydeltee, sorroweth in euery place,
That vnder the heauens, no thyng is pure & cleane,
So much the people, to hyss peruerse wayes leane.

The lawe of Nature, hys fylthy dysposycyon.

A ij

Corrupteth



Corrupteth with ydolles, and synkyng Sodometry.
The lawe of Moses, with Auaryce and Ambycyon.
He also poluterh. And ever continually,
Christes lawe he defyleth, with cursed hypocrisy.
And with false doctryne, as wyll aperce in presence.
To the edysyng, of this Christen audyence.

Of Insydelyte, God wyll hymself reuenge.
With plagis of water, of wylde fyre and of swordes.
And of his people, due homage he wyll chalenge,
Euer to be knowne, for their God and good lord,
After that he hath, those lawes agayne restored,
To their first bewtye, commyttynge them to sayth.
He is now in place, marke therfor what he sayth.

Actus Primus.

Deus Pater.



Am Deus pater, a substaunce inuysyble,

All one with the sonne, & holy ghost
in essence.

To Angell and Man. I am incomprehensyble,

A strength insynyte, a ryghteousnesse, a prudence,

A mercy, a goodnesse, a truth, a lyfe, a sapience.

In heauen and in earth, we made all to our glory,

Man euer hauynge, in a specyall memory.

Man I saye agayne, whych is our owne elect,

Our

De Legibus Diuini Comœdia

Our chosen creature, and seruant ouer all,
Above the others, peculjarly select,
To do vs homage and onour name to call,
Acknowlegge vs for hys author principall.
Indeed hym we haue, with gyftes of specyall grace
And lawes wyll we sende, to gouerne hym in place.

Steepe fourth ye iii. lawes, for gydaunce of Marynde
Whom most intyrlly. in hart we loue and sauer.
And teach hym to walke, accordyng to our mynde,
In clenness of lyfe, and in a gentyll behauer.
Depely instruct hym. our mysteryes to sauer.
By the workes of sayth, all vyces to seclude.
And preserue in hym, our godly symyltude.

Naturæ lex.

Of duty we ought, alwayes to be obeysant,
To your cōmandement, for iust it is and plesant.

Mosch lex

Your preceptes are true, & of perpetuall strength
On iustyce grounded, as wyll apere at length.

Christi lex.

Proudenesse ye abhorre, with lyfe inconuenyentes,
All they are cursed, wyth go fro your cōmandemētē

Deus Pater.

Our lawes are all one, though yow do thre apere
Lyke wyse as our wyll, is all one in effect.
But bycause that Man, in hymself is not clere
To tyme and persone, as now we haue respect.

De legibus diuinis Comœdia.

And as thre teachers, to hym we yow dyrect,
Though ye be but one, In token that we are thre,
Dyſtyncte in perſone, and one in the deyte.

Naturæ lex.

We conſydre that, for as concernynge Man,
Foure ſeuerall tymes, are moche to be reſpected.
Of Innocency firſt, of hys tranſgreſſyon than,
Than the longe ſeaſon, wherein he was afflicted,
Fynally the tyme, wherein he was redeemed.
Of pleaſure iſt he firſt, the ſeconde of exyle.
The third doth ponyſh, the fourth doth reconcyle,

Moiſch lex.

Whā Angell was made, thys lawe he had by & by,
To ſerue yow hys lord, and wih laudes to proſecute
Thys lawe was geuen Man, in tyme of innocency,
In no wyſe to eate, of the forbydden frute.
Theſe two lawes broken, both they were deſtroyte,
Of their firſt fredome, to their moſt hygh decaye.
Tyll your only ſonne, ded māny whole raiſome paye

Chriſti lex.

Whan Angell in heauen, and Man in paradyſe,
Thoſe lawes had broke. The lawe of wycked Sathā
Impugned your lawes, by craft & ſubtyl practyſe.
Where yow ſayd. Eate not. He ſayd vnto the womā,
Eate. Ye can not dye, As Godes ye ſhall be than.
By thys firſt of all, your lawdes Man proued true.
And Sathans lawe falſe, whych he now dayly rue.

Deus pater.

Acte

Actus Primus.

Lette hym tha beware, how he our lawes neglect
Only to Angell, and Man we gaue lyberte,
And they only fell, becommynge a frowarde sect,
Not by our moeyon, but their owne vanyte.
For that we gaue them, to their felicyte,
Abused they haue, to their perpetuall euyl.
Man is now mortall and Angell become a denyll.

Lose Man we wyll not, though he fro vs doth fal
Our loue towardes hym, wyll be moch better than so
Thu lawe of Nature, teache thu hym first of all,
Hys lord God to knowe, and that is ryght to do.
Charge and enforce hym, in the wayes of vs to go,
Thu lawe of Moses, And Christes lawe fynally
Rayse hym and saue hym, to our perpetuall glory,

Naturæ lex.

For tyme of exyle, than I must be hys teacher.

Deus Pater.

Rea, for thre ages, both gyde and gouerner.
From Adam to Noah, from Noah, to Abraham,
And than to Moses, whych is the sonne of Amram,

Naturæ lex.

Where must I remayne, for the tyme I shall be heres

Deus Pater.

In the hart of Man, hys conseyence for to stere,
To ryghteouse lyuynge, and to a iust beleue,
In token wherof, thys hart to the I geue.

Hic pro suo signo cor inuistrat.

A iij

Thu

De Legibus diuinis Concordia

Thu shalt want no grace, to comfort hym withall,
If he to the sayth, of my first promyse fall.

Moseh lex.

Then my course is next, for tyme of byspōnishment

Deus Pater.

For thre ages more, to the must be consent,
From Mose to Dauid frō then to the Jewes cōyle
And so fourth to Christ, whych wyll Man reconcyle

Moseh lex.

Where shall I sweete loide, for that same seasō dwell

Deus Pater.

With soch harde rulers, as wyll the people compell,
Our mynde to fulfyll, withuot vayne gaudes or fables
For a sygne of thys, holde these same stony tables,

Hic pro signo lapideas dat ei tabulas.

All they that obserue, our lawes inuolablye,
Shall euery where prospere, increase and multiplye

Christi lex

Then I perceyue well, my course is last of all.

Deus Pater

What thought it be so yet art thou pyncypall,
Our all the worlde, thy beames shalt thou extende,
And styll contynue, tyll the worlde be at an ende.

Christi lex.

Where shall I farther, for that same tyme perseuer

Deus Pater.

With the saythfull soot, must thou contynue ever,
Thou shalt my people, retorne from farre cōyle,
And for euermore, to my grace reconcyle,

•••••

Actus primus

**Take this precious boke, for a token & remembrance
A scale of my covenante, and a lymynge testament
Hic. pro signo datur nouum testamentum
They that beleue it shall lyue for euermore,
And they that do not, wyll rue their folye fore,**

**Blessed shall he be, that yow my lawes wyll kepe,
In cytie and felde, whether he do wofe or slepe,
Hys wyfe shall encrease, hys land shall fructifye,
And of hys enemyes, he shall haue victorie,
The styfe wyll geuerayne, whā seasonable tyme shall
The workes of hys hādes, shall haue prosperyte. (be.
Cursed shall they be, that wyll not our lawes fulfyll,
Without and within, at market and at myll.
Of coone and cattell, they shall haue non increase,
Within their owne howse, shall sorowes neuer cease
Riccher shall they be, without byle, botche, or blayne,
The pestylence & poxe, wyll worke the deadly paynes**

**Shewe this unto Man, & byd hym take good hede,
Of our ryghteousnesse, to stande alwayes in drede.
We wysse the synne, and the great abhominacyon,
Of the wycked sort, to thirde and fowr generacyon,
Thy lawe of Nature, instruct hym first of all,
Thy lawe of Moyses, correct hym for hys fall,**

**And thy lawe of Christ, geue hym a godly mynde,
Ryse hym into grace, & saue hym from the synde,**

De Legibus diuinis Comœdia.

Our heavenly blessinge, be with yow every chone,

Omnes simul.

All prayse and glory, to your maieste alone.

Christi lex.

Here still to tarry, I thinke it be your mynde.

Naturæ lex.

My offyce ye knowe, is to instruct Mankynde.

Moleh lex.

Than God be with yow, we leaue ye here behynde,

Finis Actus primus

Incipit Actus secundus.

Naturæ lex.

Exeunt.

The lawe in effect, is a teacher generall,
What is to be done, & what to be layed asyde
But as touchyng me the first lawe naturall
A knowledge I am whom God in Man doth hyde,
In hys whole workyng, to be to hym a gyde,
To honour hys God and seke hys neybers helth,
A great occasyon, of peace and publyque welth,

A sore charge I haue, Mankynde to ouer se.
And to instruct hym, hys lorde God to obaye.
That lorde of heauen graunt, I may so do my deuote
That he be pleased, and Man brought to a staye.
Hys brytle nature, hys slippernes to waye.

Moloch

Actus secundus.

Noah doth prouoke me. But if God set to hande,
He shall do full wel. for non maye hym withstande.
Infidelitas.

Brom, brom, brom, brom, brom. Bye brom bye

bye. Bromes for shōes and powderynges, botes and

bustyns for newe bromes/ Brom, brom, brom.

Marry God geue ye good euen.
And the holyman saynt Streuen,
Sendeye a good newe yeare.
I wolde haue brought ye the pare.
Or els anymage of ware.
If I had knowne ye heare.

I wyll my selfe so handle,
That ye shall haue a candle.
Whan I come hyther agayne
At this your soden mocyon,
I was in soch deuocyon,

Naturæ lex. corrupta

I had nere broke a vayne.

Naturæ lex.

That myght haue done ye smart.

Infidelitas.

No, no, it was but a fart,

For pastyme of my hart,

I wolde ye had it forsoth.

In scrup or in sowse,

But for noyauce of the howse,

For easement of your toth,

Now haue I my dreame in dede,

God sende me wele to spede,

And swete saynt Antony,

I thought I shuld mete a knaue,

And now that fortune I haue

Amonge thys company.

Naturæ lex.

Why dast thou call me knave?

Infidelitas.

I sayd. I wolde be your slaue,

If your grace wolde me haue,

And do your worke anon,

I wolde so rubbe your bones,

Therofe shuld from the rotes,

Whan ye shuld do them on,

Naturæ lex.

Thou art dysposed to mocke,

Sone mayst thou haue a knocke,

Actus secundus.

If thou wilt with me so game.

Infidelitas.

Your mouth shall kysse my docke,

Your tonge shall it vnlocke,

But I saye what is your name?

Naturæ lex.

I am the lawe of Nature.

Infidelitas.

I thought so by your stature,

And by your auneynt gature,

Ye were of such a rature,

Whan I first heard yee speke.

Ye commoned with God lately,

And now ye are his bayly,

Man kynde to rule dyscretely,

Welcome syr huddy peke.

Naturæ lex.

If thou use such villanye,

I shall dysplease the trulye.

Infidelitas.

By the masse I the defye,

With thy whole cuckoldrye,

And all that with the holde.

Naturæ lex.

Why dost thou me blasphemie,

And so vngodly deme?

Infidelitas.

For by thy blessed hoke,

Finis

Naturæ lex corrupta.

I went ye had bene a coke,
And that made me so bolde,
For a coke ones hauynge age
With a face demure and sage,
And auntyent to beholde.
As you haue here in place,
With a bearde vpon your face,
What is he but a coke olde?

Naturæ lex.

We are dysposed to dallye,
To leape and ouersallye,
The compasse of your wyttre;
I counsell ye yet in season,
Summyt to folowe reason,
And gnawe vpon the bytte.

Infidelitas.

Then after our great madnesse,
Here vs fall to some sadnesse,
And tell me what ye in tende.

Naturæ lex.

God sent me vnto Man,
To do the best I can,
To cause hym to amende.

So he reatures as want reason,
My rules obye yche season,
And that in euery bordre.
The sunne and mone doth mone,

With

¶ Actus secundus.
With the other bodyes aboue,
And neuer breake their ordre.

The trees and herbes doth growe,
The see doth ebbe and flowe,
And varyeth not a nayle.
The fountes and wholsom springes,
With other naturall thynges,
Their course do neuer fayle

The beastes and byrdes engendre,
So do the fyshees tendre,
Accordynge to their fyn de
Alonely man doth fall,
From good lawes naturall,
By a frowarde wycked mynde.
Infidelitas.

Now wyll I proue ye a lyar,
Next cosyne to a frear,
And on the gall yerubbe.
Ne saye thy folowe your lawe,
And varye not a strawe,
Whych is a tale of a rubbe/

The sunne ones in the clyppes
Awaye the clerenesse flyppes
And darkened is the daye,
Of the planetes influence,

¶ Dryseth

Naturæ lex corrupta.

Tryseth the pestylence,
To manye ones decaye,

Dorh not the see for age,
That non can it a swage,
And swellowe in towne and streate
The ayre whych geueth breathe,
Sumtyme infecteth to deathe,
By hys most pestilent heate.

The beastes oft vndermyne,
Whych were left to mannys cure,
Wyll hym sumtyme deuoure.
Thus are your rules forgote,
As thynges of slendre note,
In creatures daye and houre,
Naturæ lex.

It is the wyll of God,
To vse them as a rod,
Of hys iust ponnysshment.
Whan Man doth not regarde,
The lorde nor hys rewarde,
Nor to hys lawes consent.

They neuer are so ronnysch,
But whan God dorh Man ponnysch,
For hys unhappynesse.
From God they neuer fall,

Actus secundus.

Not from lawes naturall,

Doynge hys busynesse,

Infidelitas.

And yow are the same lawe,

That sepe them vndre awe,

By yow most polytyke wytt:

Naturæ lex.

God hath appoynted me,

Mankynde to ouerse,

And in hys hart to sytt.

To teache hym, for to knowe,

In the creatures hygh and lowe,

Hys gloryouse mageste,

And on hys name to call,

Or power celestyall,

In hys necessyte,

To thynke hym euerlastynge,

And wonderfull in workynge,

And that he createth all,

Both gouerne and conserue.

From them he neuer swerue,

That to soch fayth wyll fall.

Infidelitas.

In dede here is good sport:

But why do yow resort,

Vnto this present place?

Naturæ lex.

B

Man

Naturæ lex corrupta

Man alwayes to exhort,
To seeke all helth and confort,
Of the only God of graces,
First in the hartes reioyce,
And then with open voyce,
To worshyp hym alone.
Knowledgyng his deyte,
His power and eternyte,
When he shall make hymones

Infidelitas

I shall kepe ye as well from that,
As my grandame kept her cat,
From lyctyng of her creame.

Naturæ lex

What wilt thou kepe me fro?
Tell me ere thou farest her go,
Me thynt thou art in a dreame.

Infidelitas

From causyng of Mankynde,
To geue to God his mynde,
Or his obedyence.

Naturæ lex

What is thy name? tell me.

Infidelitas

Marry Infydelyte,
Whych neuer wyll agre,
To your benyuolence.

Naturæ lex

Thy

Actus secundus

Therewith I can not kepe me from man,

Infidelitas.

yet will I do the best I can,
To trouble ye now and than,

That ye shall not preuaile,

I will cause ydolatrie,

And most wyle sodomye,

To worke so ongracyouslye,

Ye shall of your purpose fayle:

Naturæ lex.

I desye the wycked synde,

With thy whole venemouse hinde,

God putteth now in my mynde,

To slech thy compaignye.

Infidelitas.

Ye are so blessed a Saynt,

And your self so wele can paynt,

That I must me acquaynt,

With you no remedye.

Naturæ lex.

Anoyde this cruell enemye,

I will non of the trulye,

But shurne thy compaignye,

As I wolde the demyll of hellis

Infidelitas.

And are ye gone in dede?

Small wyttam be your speche,

B ij

Backe

Excape

Naturæ lex corrupta;

Except ye take good hede,
I wyll be next of your counsell.

Now wyll I worke soch mastetie,
By craftes and suryle polycie,
The lawe of nature to poyson.
With pestylent ydolatrie,
And with most synfulinge sodomye,
That he shall haue no foyson.

Where are these vyllen knaues?
The deuyls owne kyngs slaues,
That them I can not se.

I coniure yow both here,
And charge ye to apere,
Lyfe two knaues as ye be.

Sodomismus.

Monachus.

Ambo is a name full cleane,
Knowe ye not what I meane?
And are so good a clarke.

Infidelitas.

By Tetragrammaton,
I charge ye, apere anon,
And come out of the darke.

Sodomismus.

Intransitus.

Haue in than at a dash,
With swashe myry annet swashe,
Yet maye I not be to rash.

For

Actus secundus.

For my holy orders sake.

Idololatria.

Necromantie

Nor I sonne by my trouth,
Eha canic a corage of flouth,
And soch a comberouse couth,
ych wote not what to do.

Inidelitas.

At Christmas and at Paske.
ye maye daunce the deuyll a maske,
Whyls hys great cawdron plawe,
yow soch a pratt mynyon,
And yow now in relygyon,
Soch two I neuer sawe.

Is not thy name ydolatrye?

Sodomismus.

yes, an wholsom woman verelye,
And wele scane in Phylosophye,
Mennys fortunes she can tell,
She can by sayenge her Aue marye,
And by other charmes of soicerye,
Ease men of toth ake by and bye,
Yea, and fatche the deuyll from hell.
She can mylke the cowe and hunte the foxe,
And helpe men of the ague and pore,
So they brynge moneye to the bore,
Whan they to her make mone.
She can farch agayne all that is lost,
And drawe drynke out of a rotten post.

B ij

Without

Natura lex corrupta.

Without the helpe of the holye Ghost,
In workynges he is alone.

Infidelitas.

What, sumtyme thou wert an he,
Idololatrya.

Yea, but now ych am a she,

And a good mydwyfe per de,

Yonge chyldren can I harme.

With whysperynges and whysshynges,

With crossemynges and with kyssynges

With blasmynges and with blessinges,

That sprecs do them no harme.

Infidelitas.

Then art thou lyke to Clitheneas,

To Clodius and Euclides,

Sardinapalus and Hercules,

Whych themselves oft transformed

Into a womannes lyknesse,

With agyltye and quyetnesse,

But they had Dams lyknesse,

As writers haue declared.

Sodomismus.

Let her tell fourth her matter.

Idololatrya.

With holycyle and matter,

I can so cloyne and clatter,

That I can at the latter,

Manye fustyllees contriue,

I can

Actus secundus

I can worke wyles in battle,
If I do ones but spattle,
I can make come and cattle,
That they shall neuer thryue.

Whan ale is in the farr,
If the bruar please me nart,
The east shall fall downe flat,
And neuer haue any strength.
No man shall tonne nor bate,
Nor meate in season make,
If I agaynst hym take,
But lose hys labour at length.

Their wellys I can vp drye,
Cause trees and herbes to dye,
And slee all pullerye,
Where as men doth me moue,
I can make stoles to daunce,
And earthen pottes to prauce,
That non shall them enhaunce,
And do but cast my gloue.

I haue charmes for the plowgh,
And also for the cowgh,
She shall geue mylke ynowgh,
So longe as I am pleased.
Space the mylle shall go,

Naturæ lex corrupta.

So shall the credle do,
And the musterde quene also,
No man therwith dyseased,

Infidelitas.

Then art thou for me sytt.

Sodomismus.

The woman hath a wytt,
And by her gere can sytt.

Though she be sumwhat olde:
It is myne owne swete bullye,
My mustyne and my mullye,
My geleyer and my cullye,
Yea, myne owne swete hart of Golde.

Infidelitas.

I saye yet not to bolde.

Idololatria.

Peace fondelinge, tush a button,

Infidelitas:

What wylt thou fall to mutton?

And playe the hungry glutton,

Afore thys companye:

Kenne lone is full of heate,

Where hungry dogges lacke meate,

They wyl dartry puddynge eate,

For wante of beste and conye.

Sygh, mynyon for monye,
As good is drasse as honye,

Whan

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

When the daye is whore and sonnye,
By the blessed rode of Kent.

Sodomismus.

Saye fourth your mynde good mother,
For this man is non other,
But our owne louynge brother,
And is very wele content.

Idololatria.

I neuer mysse but paulter,
Our blessed ladyes psaulter,
Before saynt Sauers aulter.

With my bedes ones a daye.
And this is my commien cast,
To heare Masse first or last.
And the holy frydaye fast,
In good tyme nowe I it saye.

With blessinges of Saynt Germeyne,
I wyll me so determyne,
That neyther soxe nor vermyne,
Shall do my churckens harme.
For your gese seke saynt Legearde,
And for your duckes saynt Lenarde,
For horse take Moyses yearde,
There is no better charme.

Take me a napkyn folre,
With the byas of a bolre,

B v

For

Naturæ lex corrupta

For the healyng of a colic,
No better thyng can be.
For lampes and for bottes,
Take me saynt Wylfrides knottes,
And holy saynt Thomas lottes,
On my lyfe I warande ye.

For the cowgh take Judas eare,
With the paryng of a peare,
And drynke them without feare
If ye will haue remedy,
Thre sypes are for the hyscock,
And vi. more for the chyscock,
Thus maye my praty pycock,
Recover by and by.

If ye cannot slepe but slumber,
Geue otes vnto saynt Vincumber,
And beanes in a setten number,
Vnto saynt Blase and saynt Blythes
Geue onions to saynt Cutlake,
And garlyke to saynt Crysake,
If ye will shurne the head ake,
Ye shall haue them at quene hythe.

A dramme of a shepes eyrdle,
And good saynt Frances gyrdle,
With the hamlet of an hyrdle,

Actus secundus.

Are wholesome for the pyper
Besydes these charmes afore,
I haue feates many more,
That I kepe still in store,
Whome now I ouer hyppre.

Infidelitas.

It is a speare I throwe,
To heare how she out blowe,
Her witche craftes on a rowe,
By the Masse I must nedes fowle
Now I praye the let me knowe,
What sedest that thou canst fowle,
Mankynde to ouer throwe,
And the lawe of nature begyle.

Sodomismus.

My selfe I so behaue,
And am so vile a knaue,
As nature doth depaue,
And vicerlye abhoire.
I am so che a vyce trulye,
As God in hys great furye,
Sed penyssh most terriblye,
In Sodome and in Gomorre.

In the fleshe I am a fyre,
And soch a vyle desyre,
As brynge men to the myre,
Of foule concupyscence.

Naturæ lex corrupta.

We two togyther beganne,
To sprynge and to growe in manne,
As Thomas of Aquyne scanne,
In the four booke of hys sentence,

I dwelt amonge the Sodomites,
The Beniamytes, and Madyanytes,
And now the popysch hypocrytes,
Embrace me euey where.

I am now become all spyrituall,
For the clergie at Rome and ouer all,
For want of wyues to me doth fall,
To God they haue no feare.

The chyldren of God I ded so moue,
That they the daughters of men ded loue,
Worshyppe such wayes as ded not behoue,
Tyll the floude them ouerwent.
With Noes sonne Cha I was halfkoynd,
Whan he hys dronken father scownd,
In the Gomorytes I also reigned,
Tyll the hand of God them bent.

I was with Onan not vnaacquaynted,
Whan he on the grounde hys increase shed,
For me hys bietherne Ioseph accused,
As Genesis doth tell.
Dauid ones warned all men of his trewe,

Actus Secundus.

**Do not as mules and horses will do,
Confounded be they that to ymages go,
Those are the wayes to hell,**

**Both Esaye and Ezechiel,
Both Hieremy and Daniel,
Of vs the abhominacions tell,
With the prophètes euerychon,
For vs two God strake with fyre & matter,
With battayle, with plagies & fearfull matter,
With paynefull exyle, than at the latter,
Into Egypt and Babylon.**

**As Paule to the Romanes testyfy,
The gentyles after Idolatrye,
Fell to soch bestyall Sodomye,
That God ded them forsake,
Who foloweth vs as he confesse,
The kyngedom of God shall neuer possesse,
And as the Apocalypse expresse,
Shall synke to the burnynge lake.**

**We made Thalon and Eophocles,
Thamiras, Nero, Agathecles,
Tiberius and Aristoteles,
Themselues to vse unnaturall ye
Teaght Aristot and Solinus,
Semiramis and Balthusius,**

Crathes,

Naturæ lex corrupta;
Crathes, Sylicus, and Pontius,
Beastes to abuse most monstrous life.
Infidelitas.

Marry thou art the deuyl himselfe,
Idololatria.

If ye knewe how he coulde pelfe,
Ye wolde saye he were soch an elfe,
As non vnder heauen were els
Infidelitas.

The fellowe is wel decked,
Dysstyfed and wel necked,
Both knaue balde and pyepicked,
He lacketh nothyng but beloe
Sodomismus.

In the first age I beganne,
And so perseuerde with manne,
And styll wyll if I canne,
So longe as he endure.

If monkysse sectes renue,
And popysse prestes contynue,
Whych are of my retynue,
To lyue I shall be sure.

Cleane Marryage they forbyd,
yet can not their wayes be hyd,
Alen knowe what hath betyd,
Whan they haue bene in parell.
Oft haue they buryed quye.

Actus secundus

Both as were neuer sycke,
Full many a proper trycke,
They haue to helpe their quarell,

In Rome to me they fall,
Both Byshopp and Cardynall,
Monke, fryer, priest and all.
More ranke they are than antea
Example in pope Iulye,
Whych sought to haue in hys furye,
Two laddes, and so vse them beaslye,
From the Cardynall of Nantes.

Infidelitas.

Well, you two are for my mynde,
Steppe fourth and do your kynde,
Leave neuer a poyns be hynde,
That maye corrupt in man,
The lawe wryt in hys hart.
In hys flesh do thy part.
And hys soule to peruart,
Do thou the best thou can.

Ab Soda.

Ab Idol.

Here haue I praye gynnea,
Both brouches, beades and pynnes,
With such as the people wyntes,
Vnto ydolatrie.

Take thy part of them here, *Ab Idol.*
Beades, rynges, and other gette,

Ab

Nature her corrupte,
And shoulde the bestere,
To deceyue Man properlye.

Take thys same staffe and scryppe,
With a God here of a chyppe,
And good beldame forewarde hypppe;
To set fourth pylgrymage;
Set thu fourth Sacramentals;
Saye dyrge and synge for trentals,
Stodye the popes Secretals,
And mixt them with buggerage;

To God,

Here is a stoole for the,
A ghestlye father to be,
To heare, Benedicite,

A bore of creame and oyle,
Here is a purse of rellyckes,
Ragges, rotten bones, and styckes,
A taper with other tryckes,
Sheweth in euery soyle.

To Idol.

Sodomismus.
I wyll corrupt Gods Image,
With most unlawfull vsage,
And baynge hym into doctage,
Of all concupyscence,

Idololatrya.
Within the fless thou art,
But I dwell in the hart,

And

Nature let corrupte,
And wyl the foule peruart,
From Gods obedyence,
Infidelians.

Spare non ab homynaryon,
Nes detestable fashyon,
That manys ymagynaryon,
By wyte maye comperhende,
To quychen our spyttes amonge,
Synge now some mynnysonge,
But lere it not be longe,
Least we so much offende.

Post canticum, Infidelians alia nota dicit.
Oremus.

Omnipotens sempiterna Deus, qui ad imaginem
& similitudinem nostram formasti laicos, da
quiescentis, ut sicut eorum sudoribus utimur,
ita eorum uxoribus, filiabus & domesticis per-
petuo frui mereamur. Per dominum nostrum Papam.
Infidelians.

Flow are these whensome fowls,
It wyl be some what worse,
To se how they wyl worke,
The one to peryon the hart,
The other the outwarde part,
Ingeniously wyl lerte.

The lawe of nature they wyl,
Sittyn corrupt and spyl.

Nature her corrupt
With their abhominacyon.
Idolatri with wyckednesse,
And Sodomy with fylthyneffe,
To hye most vicer dampnacyon.

These two wyll hym so use,
Thone in their abuse,
And wrappe hym in fowlemyll.
That by their wycked cast,
He shall be at the last
A morsell for the demyll.

Now underneeth her wynges,
Idolatri hath kynges,
With their nobyltye.
Both dukes, lordes, knyghtes and earles,
Fayre ladyes with their pearles,
And the whole commonaltee.

Within the bowmes of Sodomye,
Both dwell the spirytual clergye.
Pope, Cardinall and prync,
Monke, Chanon, Monke and frere,
With so many els as do desire,
To reigne vnder Antichrist.

Detestynge matrimonye,
They lyue abhominablye,

And

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

Actus secundus
And burne in carnall lust.
Shall I tell ye farther newes?
At Rome for prelates are stewes,
Of both kyndes. Thys is iust.

The lawe of Nature I thynke,
Wyll not be able to wynke,
Agaynst the assaultes of them.
They haunge so hygh prelates,
And so manye great estates,
From hense to Hierusalem.

Pause now a lytle while,
Myne cares doth me begyle,
If I heare not a sonnde.
Yen folke hath sped I gesse,
It is so by the Messe,
Awaye now wyll I rounde.

Naturæ lex.

Exit.

I thynke ye maruele, to se soch alteracyon,
At thys tyme in me, whom God left here so pure.
Of me it cometh not, but of mannys operacyon.
Whome daily the deuyl, to great synne doth allure,
And hys nature is, full brytle and vsure.
By hym haue I gotte thys fowle dyscase of bodye,
And as yese here, am now throwne in a leprye.

I wrought in hys hart, as God bad earnestlye,

C ij

Sym

Actus secundus.

Hym oft promysynge, to loue God ener all,
With the inner powers, But that false Idolatrye,
Hath hym peruerred, by slayghres dyabolycall.
And so hath Sodomye, through hys abuses carnall.
That he is now lost, offendynge without measure,
And I corrupted, to my most hygh dyspleasure.

I abhorre to tell, the abusyons bestyall,
That they daylye vse, whych boast their chastite,
Some at the aulter, to incontynency fall,
In confessyon some, full beastly occupied be.
Amonger the close nomen, reigneth chys enormyte,
Gods chyldren slee they, as they chaunce for to haue,
And in their prynces, proude them of their graue.

Ye Christen rulers, soyow for this a waye,
Benot illuded, by false hypocresye.
By the stroke of God, the wolde wyll els decaye
Permyt prestes rather, Gods lawfull remedye
Than they shuld incurre, most bestyall Sodomye.
Regarde not the pope, nor yet hys whorish kyngedome
For he is the master, of Bemo and of Sodome.

With Alan hane I bene, whych hath me thus deu
With Idolatrye, and vncleane Sodomye. (syleh
And woe hys I am, from God to be cryed,
Dyie me yet lord, of thy most bounteous mercee
I prayll fourth & noune, yll thou sende remedye
Promyse hast thou made, to a glorious lyberte.
To bringe heauē & earth, to thy wyls thou (I trust) wyl
Save me.

Incipit Actus tertius.

Moseh lxx.

Belorde perceywyng, hys first lawe thusa res
rupted,
Wich vncleane vyces, sent me hys lawe of
Moses,

To se hym for synne, substancyallye corrected,
And brough in agayne, to a trade of godlynes.
For I am a lawe, of rygour and of hardenes,
I straghtly commaunde, and if it be not done,
I threten, I curse, and slee in my anger sone,

To God I requyre, a perfyght obedyence,
Condemnyng all soch, as do it not in effect.
I shewe what synne is, I hurde soe many cōfessyons
To hym am I death, whan hys lyfe is infect.
Yet if he take hede, to Christ I hym direct,
For geuynesse to haue, with lyght, helth & saluacyon,
Least he shuld dyspayre, & fall into dampnacyon.

Infidelitas.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
A pastyme quoth I, I knowe not the tyme nor when,
I ded laugh so moch, sens I was an honest man.
Belene me and ye wyll, I neuer sawe soch a sport.
I wolde ye had bene there, that ye myght haue made
the sport.

Moseh lxx.

Where woldest haue had me tell me good brether
myne.

C ij lxx.

moien lex corrupta:

Infidelitas.

At the Mynoraſſe ſer, late yeſter nyghe at complyne.

Mofeh lex.

At the Mynoraſſe Why. what was there a do?

Infidelitas.

So: ſuch an other, wolde I to Southampton go,
In dede yeſter daye, it was their dedycacyon
Ande thye in Gods name, came I to ſe the faſhyon.
An olde fryre ſtode forth, with ſpectacles on hys noſe
Begynnyng thys Anticme, a my ſayth I do not gloſe

Lapides precioſi.

Mofeh lex.

And what ded ſolowe of thys?

Infidelitas.

I ſhall tell ye ſer by Gods blys.
Then came Dame Iſbell an olde wome & a calme,
Crowinge lyfe a capon, and thus began the Pſalme.

Sapienter expugnauerunt me a iuuentute mea.

Mofeh lex.

And what includeth thys myſterye?

Infidelitas.

Actus Tertius.

Infidelitas.

A simple probleme of byrcherie.
Whan the fyre begone, Afore the Vienne,
To synge of preeyouse stones.
From my youth saye the, They haue confort me,
As it had bene for the nonces.

Moschilex.

I assure the playne, I see not by soch gaudes,
Thy vsage shewe the, to be brought vp amöge bandes
Infidelitas.

It was a good weild, whā we had soch wholsō stoyes
Preachd in our churche, on sondayes & other feryes,
With vs was it merye,
Whan we went to Berge,
And to our lady of grace,
To the bloude of hayles,
Where no good chere fayles,
And other holye place.

Whan the prestes myght walke,
And with yonge wyues talke.
Than had we chyldren plentye,
Than cuckoldes myght leape,
A score on a heape,
Now is there not one to twentye.
Whan the Monkes were fatte,
And ranke as a ratte,
With bellyes lyke a Boie.

E iiii Then

Mofch lex corrupt
Then all thynges were bere,
Both befe, breade and bere.
Now grudge the iowtrafoe.

When Byfhoppes myght burne,
And from the truth turne,
The fylle fimple foule.
Then durst no man create,
Open mouthe nor fpeake,
Of Chrift nor yet of Poule.

Now are the manes bolde,
With Scriptures to holde,
And teache them euery where.
The carter, the fowter,
The bodger, the clowter,
That all myll awaye I fere.

As fofo they pulle,
Our lymynges are dulle,
We are now lyke to fall.
If we do not fyght,
For the churches ryght,
By the Mefle we fhall lofe all.

But I praye ye fer, tell me what is your name?
Mofch lex.

The lawe of Mofes, to lye I wene to blame.
Infidelitan.

Actus tertius.

Infidelitas.

In these same parties, what do ye now intende

Moseh lex.

Manynde to resourme, that he hys lyfe amende.
I shewe what synnis, & what thyng pleaseth god,
I confort the iust, and the yll I pennysch with rod,
The comen people, haue thought it commodouse,
Dyuerse Goddes to haue, with rytes superstycouse.

My commaundment is, to seke one God alone,
And in all their nedes, to hym to make their mone,
Amonge the Gentyles, was it thought no iniurye,
If a man wer hurt, to see hys aduersarye.
Thys thyng I forbyd, and saye, thus shalt not byll,
Lawe is the reuenger, the man maye do no yll.

Some persones there are, that inordynatlye loue,
Those are perswaded, all thynges to hem to behoue,
Whych I inhyte, saynge continuallye,
Norape shalt thou do, nor yet comyt adouerye,
Thus shalt do no theft, nor couete that is not thine,
Agaynst thyneyber, shalt thou not falsely dysfynne.

Infidelitas.

We maye do no thyng, if we be pynned in thus,
Neyther yow nor God, to that hardetrade shall byn-
ge vs.

We must haue one God, & worship hym alone,
Marry that in dede, wolde make a Turke to grone.

Mofeh lex corrupta.

If we be ftryken, we maye not ftryke agayne.
A proper bargayne, and dyscreetelye vttered playnes.
For companyes fake, ye fayre we maye not loue.
I defye your wofte, and to yow there is my gloue.

Mofeh lex.

What, thu wylt not fyght: thy wyddes are better thā
Infidelitas.

In the quarell of loue, I shall proue ye ere I go,
By the Masse I thynke, to put ye to your fence.

Mofeh lex.

Thu were moche better, to kepe thy patience.

Infidelitas.

Maye by cockes fowle frynd, I must lay ye on the coate
In loues cause to fyght, ye maye fone haue me a floate
Maye, haue at your pylche, defende ye if ye maye.

Mofeh lex.

God & fole art thu, as feke thynne owne decaye:
If I ones meddle, to the it wyll be deare,
Oedyst thu neuer hear, that lawe sleath i hys wreath

Infidelitas.

By the blessed lorde, than wyll I playe Robsons part.

Mofeh lex.

Whye, what part wylt thu playe?

Infidelitas.

By cockes fowle geue ouer, so fone as I fele smart.

Mofeh lex.

It wyll be to late, if I ones cupple with the.

Infidelitas.

Then

Actus tertius.

Then let me alone, and we shall sone agre,

And I shall be glad, to beacquaynted with ye.

Moseh lex.

Acquayntaunce good fel lawe, ihu mayst sone haue of
Insidelitas, (me.

The worst fault I haue, I am hastye now and thā,
But it is sone gone, I toke it of a woman.

But what meane those tables, that ye haue in your
Moseh lex. (hande?

Bepe sylence a whyle, and ihu shalt vnderstande.

The thynges I declare, the first are the preceptes
morall.

Next, the lawes iudycial, & last the rytes & ceremonyal
The morall preceptes, are Gods commaundemētes ten,
Whych ought euermore, to be obserued of all men.

The lawes of Nature, the morall preceptes declare,
And y^e plesant woikes, to God they teache & prepare
They sturre man to saye, & prouoke hym also to loue
To obeye, to serue, and to woishypp God aboue.

In two stonye tables, God wrote them first of all,
That they shuld remayne, as thynges continuall.

The first hath but thre, whych tēde to Gods hygh ho
nour,

Seue hath the seconde, & they concerne our neybour.

The first doth expounde, the first lawe naturall.

The next the other, makynge them very fowall.

In spete is the first, y^e we shuld God honour & loue,
To outward woikynge, the seconde doth vs moue.

Forbyddynge

Mosch lex corrupta.

Forbiddinge all wrōges, preferuynge lust marriage,
Nourishynge true peace, and other godly vsage.

Infidelitas.

What is the effect, of your lawes Judycyall?

Mosch lex.

Both thynges to commaunde, as are cyuyle or tēporall.

From vyce to refrayne, and outwarde iniurye,
Ouyet to conserue, and publyque honestie.
These are to suppon, the lawes of the seconde table.
Ceremonyall rytes are also commendable,
In holy dayes, garmentes, temples & consecracyons,
Sacrifyces & vowes, with offerynges & expiacyōs

Whych are vnto Christ, as fygures, types & shadowes
As Paule doth declare, in hys pyltere to the Hebrieas.
These are only fygures, & outwarde testymonyes,
No man is persyghe, by soch darke ceremonyes.
Only pertyne they, vnto the thirde commaundement,
Of the Sabbath daye, tyll Christ the loude be present.

In hys deathe endyng, the whole Iudaycal presthode.

Infidelitas.

Good daye, myghte ye haue, ye speake it full wel by
the rode.

I am a poore lad, & by my trouthe bent earnestlye,
To saye vpon ye, and to be your very lastye.

Mosch lex.

What

Actus Tertius

What art thou called, I praye the hartelye.

Infidelitas.

Gravefryre am I now, by the Messe I ca not flatter.

I am Infydelitye, to tell the truth of the matter.

Molch lex.

And hast thou so longe, dyssembled thou with me?

Infidelitas.

Yea, for aduantage, to smell out your subtylte.

Molch lx.

Quoyde hens I saye, thou false Infydelitye.

Infidelitas.

Naye that I wyll not, by yngham Crynyte.

Molch lex.

Wylt thou not in dede, that wyll I set hyther the poure
Of iudges & kynges, to subdue the with thyne houre.

Infidelitas.

Exii.

Soch knyghtes wyll I haue, as shall cōfounde the all
As Sadducees & scribes, with the sect pharysae.

By helpe of my chyldren Idolatry and Sodomye.

The lawe of Nature, I kest once in a lepye.

I haue yet two more, Ambycyon & Couetousnes.

Whych wyll do as moch, to the lawe of Moses.

Where are my whoresons, that they come not awaye.

Auaritia.

lurisconsultus.

Yea, whoreson on thy face, euen in thy best araye.

I wyll thou knowe it, I am a troufshypfull Doctour.

A Scribe in the lawe, and a profytable plectore.

Infidelitas.

Supp

Masch sex corrupta

Goppewith a vengeance, how comest thou so aloft

Auaritia.

I shall tell the man, if thou wilt commen more soft.
By sayned flattery, and by coloured adulatory.

Ambycyon here also, rose out of a lyke foundacyon.

Infidelitas.

Come, a xeme blessinge, lyke priary boyes apace.

Ambicio.

I will not bowe sure, to such a folysh face.

Infidelitas.

Axe blessinge I saye, and make me nomore a do.

Ambicio.

Unseemly: were it, we prelates shuld do so.

Auaritia.

For no compulssion, will I do it by swete Marye.

Infidelitas.

I must satche ye in, there is no remedye.

A naughty whoreson, haue I brought ye vp hybertor.

And knowe not your father: ye shal drynke both ere I

Ambo simul.

nomore at this tyme, forsooth we crye a mercye.

Infidelitas.

Downe on your knees shā, & axe me blessing shortly.

Ambo simul.

Blesse me gentylk father, for swete saynt Marye.

Infidelitas.

ryse noughty knaves, God lere ye neuer to thee.

hough amage our selues; we murmur, bragge &
face,

Somtyme

Actus tertius.

Sometime for liere, sometime for the hygher place,
Yet for aduantage, in this we all agre,
To blynde therulers, and deceyne the commynalte.

Auaritia.

Art aduysed of that, by the Messe we are in dede,
Yet of our knaueryes, the folowyll neuer take hede.

To labour with a spade,
Our colour wolde it fade,
We mayenot with that trade,
We loue somoch our ease,
We must lyue by their sweate,
And haue good drynke and meat,
Whan they haue not doo ease,
The substance of a pease.

We leade them in the darke,
And so theiurenfoynce make,
That sturdy they are and starke,
In euery wycked euill,
We teache ydolatrie,
And laugh full merelye,
To so ych cumpayne,
Konne headlondest to the deuill.

If we maye haue the tythynges,
And profytable offerynges,
We care not to what doynges,

They

Mose lex corrupta.

They customablie fall.

We are soch mercenaryes
And subtyle proprietaryes,
As from the flock all carryed,
The wolfe, synne, flesh and all.

In our perambulacyons,
We loke for commendacyons,
And lowlye saluracyons,

In temple, howse and strete.
Our lowlye latyne howres,
In howres and in howres,
The poore people deuowres,
And treade them vnder fete.

Ambitio.

I am Ambicyon, whose dysposycyon,
Is honour to appete.

I gape for empyre, And washypp desire,
As Minos ded in Crete.

I lofe vp Aloft, and loue to lye soft,
Not carynge for my stocke.

Haue I ones the fiese, with pygges, lambes & geese,
They maye go turne a socke.

Lucifer I made, So hyghly to wade,
To God he wolde be equall.

Of Adam & Eue, I slewe the beleue,
And caused them to fall.

What

Actus tertius.

What nede I rehearce. The gyauntes most fearce,
With the buylders of Babel.
Nimrod the tyraunt, with them there applyaunt,
Agreed to my counsell.

From me wolde not go, Cruell Pharao,
Nomore wolde Amalech,
Saul, Achitophel, Absolon, Iesabel,
Nor Adonisedech.

I made Roboam, And Hieroboam,
With Nabuchedonosor.
Triphon, Alchimus, and Simon magus,
To abuse them euermor.

In pryde I excede, And no people fede,
But with lyes for aduauntage.
As Mautuane tell, To leade men to hell,
Is my most comen vsage.

Byght thynges I attempt, And wyll me exempt,
From pynce and curydyccon.
I am soch an euill, As brynge to the deuyll,
Without anye contradycccon.

Infidelitas.

Here is a prelate, euen for myne owne touth,
Soch an other is, not in the whole fourth.
Clappe thou somwhat more, as thou hast begunne.

D

I lyke

Moseh lex. corrupta,
Flyte wele your talkyng, by the holy Nunne,
Auaritia.

I Couetyse am, The deuyl or his dam,
for I am insacyate.
I rauyshe and plucke, I drawe and I sucke,
After a weluysh rate.

Father nor mother, Sister nor brother,
I spare nor in my moode.
I feare neyther God, Nor his ryghtfull roob,
In gatherynge of goode.

Both howse and medowe, from the pooer wydowe,
I spare not for to take.
Ryght heyres I rob, And as bare as Job
The fatherles I make.

With me toke Nadab, Nabal and Achab,
With all the clergye of Bell.
Judah and Biezi, with the sonnes of heli,
And the sonnes of Samuel.

Jannes and Jambres, Also Diotrephes,
Wroughte wylfull wyckednesse.
So ded Menelaus, with false Andronicus,
And all for Couetousnesse.
Ambitio.

With wyces seven, I close vp heauen,

End.

Actus tertius.

And speare vp paradyce.
I open hell, By my counsell,
Maynteynyng every vyce.

Auaritia,

For syluer and golde, with falsched I holde,
Supportynge every euyl.

I haue it made, for to choke the lawe,
And bynge all to the deuyl.

Infidelitas,

By the blessed trynyte, No men more fyr for me,
To do my busynes.

Ambycyon to begyle, And Auaryce to defyle,
The lawe of Moyses.

Tell me first of all, what wylt thou do Ambycyon.

Ambitio.

I am thine owne chylde, thou knowest my dysposycyon,
I wyll sure do, as ded the Phyllystynes.

Infidelitas,

Why, what ded those knaues?

Ambitio,

They stopped vp Abrahams pyttes, as Genesis diffines
With mudde & with myre, & left them full vncleane

Infidelitas.

By that same practyse, tell me what thou dost meane:

Ambitio,

With fylthy gloses, and dyrtty expositiouns,
Of Gods lawe wyll I hyde, the pure dysposycioun.
The eye of knowledg, I wyll also take awaye,

¶

By

Moseh lex corrupta.

By wrestyng the text, to the scriptures sore decaye.

Infidelitas.

And what wilt thou do, my fellowe Conetousnes?

Auaritia.

A wayle wyll I spiede, vpon the face of Moses,
That nō shal perceyue, the clernes of hys cōtenaūce,
Whych is of the lawe, the meanyng & true ordynaūce

Infidelitas.

Why, what wyll ye saye, vnto y^e ten cōmaundemētes?

Ambitio.

We must payson them, with wyll woordes & good intentions.

Where as God doth saye, No strange goddes thou shalt haue,

With Sayntes worshypinge, that clausc we wyll depraue.

And though he cōmaunde, to make no carued ymage,

For a good intent yet wyll we haue pylgrymage.

Though he wyll vs not, to take hys name in vayne,

With tradycions yet, therunto wyll we constrayne.

No Sabbath wyl we, with Gods worde sanctyfy,

But with lyppe labour, and ydle ceremonye.

To father and mother, we maye owe non obedyence,

Our relygyon is, of so great excellence.

Though we do not slee, yet maye we heretykes burne,

If they wyll not sone, from holy scripture turne.

What though it be sayd, Thou shalt do no forswycarys,

yet

Actus Tertius.

Yet wyll we mayntene, moch greater abhomynacyon
Though theſe be ſorbyd, yet wyll we continuallye,
Kobbe the poore people, through prayer & purgatorie
God hath inhybited, to geue false testimonye,
Yet we wyll condempne, the Gospell for hereſye.

We ſhould not couete, our neybers howſene wyſe,
Hys ſervant nor beaſt, yet are we therein moſt ryſe.
Of me make we ſwyne, by the draſſe of our tradycyons.
And cauſe the norhyng, to regard but ſuperſticyons.
As dogges vnreaſonable, on moſt vyle carren fede,
So wyll we cauſe them, ſeke ydolles in their nede.

And alwayes their growde, ſhall be, for a good inter.

Infidelitas:

More myſcheues I trowe, the dewyll coulde not inuete
Than yow two can do, by the Meſſe ye are alone,
Lytle coulde I do, were ye ones from me gone,
To the corruptyng, of the lawe of Moyses,
Go forwarde therfor, in your deceytfulnes.

Auaritia.

With ſuperſticyons, the Jewes ceremonyall lawes,
I wyll ſo handle, they ſhall not be worth ij. ſtrawes.
The lawes Judycall, through careles and delays,
I wyll alſo drowne, ſo all ryghteouſe menys decayes
To ſet this forward, we muſt haue ſophyſtrye,
Phyloſophye and Logyck, as ſcyence neceſſarye.
The byſhoppes muſt holde, their preſtes in ignorance

Mofeh lex corrupta,
With longe latyne houres, leaft knowledge to them
chaunce.

Lete them haue lögemattens, löge cutfonges & löge
Maffes.

And that wyll make them, as dull as euer were affes.
That they fhall neuer, be able to prophecie,
Or yet preach the truth, to our great iniurye.

Lete the cloyfterers, be brought vp euer in f Silence,
Without the fcriptures, in payne of dyfobedyece.
Se the laye people, praye neuer but in latyne,
Lete them haue their Crede, and feruyce all in latyne
That, a latyne beleue, maye make a latyne foule,
Lete them nothynge knowe, of Chrift nor yet of powle

If they haue Englyfh, lete it be for aduantage,
For pardons, for Syrges, for offerynges and pylgrym
mage.

I reften to make them, a newe Crede in a whyle,
And all in Englyfh, their conſcyence to begyle,
Infidelitas,

Rehearce vnto me, the Artycles of that Crede.
Auaritia,

The artycles are thefe, geue care and take good heede
firft they fhall beleue, in our holy father Pope,
Next in hys decrees, and holy decretala.
Then in holy church, with fencer, croffe and cope,
In the Ceremonies, and blessed Sacramentala.

Actus tertius,

In purgatory then, in pardons and in trentals,
In praynge to sayntes, and in saynt frāces whoode,
In our lady of Grace, and in the blessed roode.
They shall beleue also, in rellycres and relygyon,
In our ladies psalter, in fre wyll and good wurkes,
In the ember dayes, and in the popes remyssyon,
In bedes and in belles, not vsed of the turkes.
In the golden Masses, agaynst such spretes as lurkes
With charmes and blessinges. Thys crede wyll buyne
ge in moneye.

In Englysh therfor, we wyll it clarkely eduepe.

Infidelitas,

Yea, and burne the knaues, that wyll not beleue that,
crede.

That into the dysche, the blynde the blynde maye lede

Ambitio,

Then I holde it best, that we alwayes condempne,
The Byble readers, least they our actes contempne.

Infidelitas,

Yea, neuer spare them, but euermore playe the bytar,
Expressyng alwayes, the tropes and types of thymy-
tar.

Ambitio,

Why, what dost thou thynke, my mytar to sygnify?

Infidelitas,

The mouth of a wolfe, and that shall I prone by & by.
If thou sloupe downewarde, loo, se how the wolfe doth
gape.

Redya

Moseh lex corrupta.

Redye to deuoure, the lambes, least any escape.
But thy woluyf hnesse, by thre crownes wyll I hyde.
Makynge the a pope, & a capayne of all pryde.
That whan thou doest slee, soch as thy lawes coureþne
Thou mayst saye, Not I, but the powers ded them con-
dempne.

These Labels betoken the lawes of senen & can non
Ambitio.

I trowe thou woldest saye, the ij. lawes Cruyle & Cas
Infidelitas. (non.

As I spake I thought, & styll thinke by saynt Johan
Yea, persecute styll, the iustructers of the people.

And thou Couetousnesse, let no bell ryng i steple,
With out a profyghe. Tush, take moneye every whear
Sorygh clyppe and shaue, that thou leaue neuer a

Auaritia. (heare

I caused the pope, to take but now of late,
Of the Graye fryres, to haue canonyzate,
Franciscus de pola, thre thousand dukates and more,
And as noch besydes, he had not longe afore,
For a Cardynall, harte, of the same holy order,
Thus drawe we to vs, great goodes frō every border.
Pope Clement the seuēth payed ones for his papacye
Thre hundred thousand, good dukates of lawfull monye

Infidelitas.

I marnele how he, coulde come to so much good.

Auaritia.

Yea, yea, by pollage, and by shedynge Christen blood.
Crosers

Actustertius.

Crofers and mytars, in Rome are good merchandyce
And all to lytle, to maynteyne their pompe and vyce.

Ambitio.

The pope for whoredom, hath in Rome and Viterbye
Of golde and syluer, a wonderfull substance yearlye
Tush they be in Englande, that moche rather wolde
to dwell,

Whores in their dyoceses, than the readers of Ebua
stes Gospell.

Infidelitas.

They do the better, for by the they maye haue profyghe
As for the other, do trouble them daye and nyght,
Well, now stepp forward, and go do your busynes,
To the corrupryng, of the lawe of Moyses.

Auaritia.

Doubt not but we shall, make hym a crepple blynde.

Infidelitas.

Synge then at our farwel, to recreate our mynde.

Finita cantioncula exeunt ambo.

Infidelitas.

Now am I left alone, And these, ii. merchautes gone,
Their myscheces to conclude.

I thynke within a while, They will trappe & begyle
The worthy lawe of Jude.

Ambycyon first of all, With hys rytes bestiall,
will make the people swyne.

In draffe will be the lede, And with tradycyōs fede.

S v Where

Mofch lex. corrupta,
Where they ſhall ſuppe or dyme:

Conetouſnes wyll warke, That many one ſhall haue,
Lyke dogges agaynſt the truch.
Some ſhall Gods worde deſyle, & ſome wyll it remyle
Soch beaſtlyneſſe enſue.

Ambycyon hath this houre All the whole ſpirytual,
poure

And maye do what hym luſt.

Now conetouſneſſe doth rule, And hath both horſe &
mule.

All matters by hym dyſcaſt.

Now biſhoprykes are ſolde, & the holy ghoſt for gold

The pope doth bye and ſell.

The truch maye not be tolde, vndre paynes manyfolde
With ſendyngeſ downe to hell.

The people preſtes do ſamynſh, And their goodes ſer
them rauynſh.

Yea, and all the woulde they blynde.

All prynces do they mock, And robbe the ſyllye flocke
Clothyng they leaue behynde.

On the face of Moyses, A vayne they haue caſt downe
ghyles.

The lyght of the lawe to hyde.

Leaſt Alſo to Chriſt ſhuld come, fro ceremonies done

As to their heauenly gyde.

The lawe can neuer be, at anye lyberte;

Where,

Actus tertius,

Where such two enemyes raigne,
Now is it tyme to walke, of thys more wyll I talke;
whan I come hyther agayne.

Moseh lex.

Exit.

If pytie maye moue, your gentyll christen hartes,
Let it now sturre ye, to mourne thys heauye chalice,
Two enemyes with me, haue played most wycked par
tes.

And lest me starke blynde, God knoweth to my soie
grenaunce,

And I thynke also, to your more hynderaunce:
To leade you to Christ som tyme, a gyde I was,
Now am I so blynde, I can not do it, Alas,

Most rygorouslye, those enemyes now of late.
Ded fall vpon me, and spoyle me of my syght.
One was Ambycyon, whych euer ought me hate,
And Couerousnesse, the other enemye hyght.
Now forsoth and God, in their most cruell spyght,
The one made me blynde, the other made me lame,
And whā they had done, ther at they had great game

Thus a blynde crypple, I wander here alone,
Abydyng the tyme, and grace of restauracyon,
By the sonne of God To whom I make my moane,
My cause to pyrie, and graunt me supportacyon,
Least I be left here, to vtter desolacyon,
And extreme decaye, without any remedye,

Mofeh lex corrupta.

If he ded not helpe, of goodnesse and of mercye,

ye christen prynces, God hath geuen you the poure,
With scepture and swerde, all vyces to correct.
Let not Ambycyon, nor Couetousnesse deuoure,
Your faythfull subiectes, nor your offycers infect.
Haue to your clergie, a dylygent respect
And se they do not corrupt the lawes of God,
For that doth requyre, a terribly heauye rod.

God gaue me to man, and left me i tables of stone,
That I of hardenesse, a lawe shuld specyshe,
But the pharysees, corrupted me anone,
And toke from me cleane, the quyuernes of bodye,
With clerenesse of syght, & other pleasures manye.
Now wyll I to Christ, that he maye me restore,
To more perfeccyon, than euer I had afore.

Finis Actus tertius.

Incipit Actus quartus.

Euangelium.



Vnfaythfulnesse hath, corrupted euery
Lawe,
To the gret decaye, of Adams posterite.

Were it not for me, whych now do
hyther drawe,

All flesh wolde perishe, no man shuld saued be.

I am

Actus quartus,

I am Christes Gospell, and infallyble veryte,
Gods power of God, as saucth all that beleue,
No burden nor yoke, that anyman wyll greue.

In the bloude of Christ, I am a full forgiuenesse,
Where sayth is grounded, with a sure confydence.
I am soch a grace, and so hygh tydynge of gladnesse,
To rayse the synner, and pacyfye hys conscience.
I am spicke and lyfe, I am necessarye science.
I requyre burloue, for māys iuyfycation,
With a sayth in Christ, for hys helth and saluacion.

Infidelitas.

Gods benefon haue ye, it is ioie of your lyfe,
I haue hearde of ye, and of my mastres your wyfe,

Euangeliū,

If thou heardest of me, it was by the voyce of God.

Infidelitas

Naye, he that spake of ye, was sellynge of a God.
In an oyster bote, a lytle beyonde quene hythe,
A norther man was he, & besought ye to be blythe.

Euangeliū,

If he spake of me, he was some godly preacher.

Infidelitas.

Naye ser by the roode, nor yet a wholsom teacher.

Euangeliū,

After what maner, ded he speake of me: tell.

Infidelitas.

Be thoue lyfe a man, by all cōtentres of the Gospell

Be

Mosch lex. corrupta,

He swore and better swore, yea, he ded swears & swears
at a gayne.

Euangelii,

That speakyng is soch, as procureth eternall payne.
Wyll not the people, leaue that most wycked, folyer
And is so dampnable: To heare it. I am sorye.
But what dedyst thou meane, whā thou spakest of my
wyfe?

Infidelitas,

Not hyng, but I thought, it was a toy of your lyfe,
That ye were so good, to your neybers as ye are.

Euangelii,

Why, how good am I: thy fantasie declare.

Infidelitas,

Be ease them amonge, if it be as I heare,
Whan ye are a broode, there is syn myrry cheare.

Euangelii,

As thou art, thou speakest, after they haue abundance
For as the man is, soch is his viterance.

My wyf is the church, or christen congregacyon,
Regenerate in spere, doynge no vyle operacyon,
Both cleane and holy, without cyther spott or wryncke
The lambe with his bloude, ded her wash & bespryn
cle.

This is not the church, of dysgyfied hypocrytes
Of apysch shauylinges, or papystryall sodemytes.
Nor yet as they call it, a temple of lyme and stone,
But, a lymysch buildyng, grounded in foysh alone.

On

Actus quartus,

On the harde rocke Christ, whych is the sure founda-
cyon.

And of this Church some, do reigne in every nacyon,
And in all cōtrayes, though their nombre be but small
Infidelitas,

Their number is soch, as hath rōne ouer all
The same Danes are they, men prophecy of playne,
Whych shuld enerrōne, this realme yet ones agayne.
Euangelii,

What Danes speakest thou of? thy meanynge shewe
Infidelitas, (more clerlye.
Dane Johan, Dane Robert, Dane Thomas, and Da-
ne harrye.

These same are those Danes, that laye with other
mēys wyues.

And occupied their lādes, to the detrymēt of their ly-
ues.

These are accounted, a great part of the church,
For in Gods seruyce, they honourablie wurche,
Wellynge and cryenge, tyll their throtes are full sore
Euangelii

That church was descrybed, of Esaye longe afore.
Thys people (sayth God) with ther lypes honour me
In vayne woishyp they teachynge mēys satuyte.
Apparaunt is that church, and open to the eyes,
Their woishyppynge are, in outwarde ceremonies.
That cōterfet church stādeth al by mēys tradycyons
Without the scriptures, and without the hartes as a
feccyons.

Christi lex corrupta

My church is secrete, and euermore will be,
Adorninge the farther, in sprete, and in verite.
By the worde of God, thys Church is ruled onye,
And doth not consist, in outward ceremonye.
Thys congregacyon, is the true Church mylitarie
Those counterfet desardes, are the very Church ma-
lygnaunt.

To whom Christ will saye, I knowe nō of your son.

Inideltas.

Whose are they to blame, that ther bretherne so report.

Euangelii.

Such are no bretherne, but enemyes to Christes blode.

As put saluacyon, in shauen crowne, mytar, or whode.

Inideltas.

I praye ye how longe, haue your swete spouse cōtynued.

Euangelii

Since the begynnyng, and now is in Christ renewed.

Adam had promyse, of Christes incarnacyon,

So had Abraham, with hys whole generacyon.

Whych was vnto them, a preachynge of the Gospell,

Into saluacyon, and delyueraunce from hell.

Inideltas

By thys tyme I hope, ye haue a fayre increase.

Euangelii

She is not barren, but beareth and neuer cease.

The Corinthians first epistle, hath thys clere testymony.

In Christo Iesu, per Euangelium vos genui.

I haue begote yow, in Iesu Christ sayth powle,

By the

Actus quartus

By the Gospel preachynge, to the cōfort of yur soules
Infidelitas.

Than are ye a cuckolde, by the blessed holy masse,
As I sayd afore, so cometh it now to passe.
For I am a prophete, by hygh inspiracyon led.
Now lyke I my self, moch better than I ded.
Ye sayt that saynt paule, begate your wyfe with chylde
Euangeliiū de

By mysunderstādyng, thou art vngraciously begylde
An only mynyster, was paule in that same doynge,
That he therin ded, was by the Gospell preachynge.
Hys mynde is the Gospell to haue done yt operacyon
And thys must thou holde, for no carnall generacyon
Infidelitas.

Marry so they saye, ye fellows of the newe lerynge,
Forsake holy church, and now fall fast to wyuynge,
Euangeliiū,

Naye, they forsake whoredome, with other dāpnable
vsage.

And lync with their wyues, in lawfull mariage,
whyle the popes oyled swarme, raigne styll in their.
Infidelitas. olde buggerage

Yea, poore married men, haue very moch a do,
I coure hym wyfest, that can take a snatche and to goe.
Euangeliiū,

Thou semeest one of them, that detesteth matrimonye,
Whych is afore God, a state both iust and holye.
Offsoch as thou art, saynt paule ded prophecye,

✠

3m

Christi lex corrupta.

By the holy Ghost, that a serten cūpanye,
In the latter dayes from the truth of God shuld sell
Attundynge to speeces, of errour dyabolycall.

Whych in hypocrisy, wyll teache lyes for aduantage,
With marled consciences, inhytyng marriage.
Thy apertest by thy frutes to be Infydelyte.

Infidelitas,

I am non oher, but euen the very he,
And hyther now come I, to cōmen the matter with ye

Euangelii,

Aworde cursed synde, and get the out at the gates.

Infidelitas,

Naue first wyll I serue ye, as I lately serued your ma
And hence wyll I not, for this place is for me: tes
Who shuld here remayne, but Infydelyte &

Euangelii,

Well, than for a tyme, I must depart from hence,
But this first wyll I saye, before this and yens.
Easier wyll it be, concernynge ponyssment,
To Soocm and Gomor, in the daye of iudgement,
Than to those cyties, that resyst the veryte,
At the suggestyons, of Infydelyte.

That people wyll be, for euer and euer lost,
For is the great synne, agaynst the holy Ghost.
In the olde lawe first, the father hys mynde exprest,
Than came hys sone Christ, & made it more manifest.
And now the holy Ghost, is come to close vp all,

Actus quartus

If he be not heard, extreme dāpnacyon wyll fall.
No prayer remaineth, nor expyacyon for synne.
To them that no profyght, of the worde of God wyll
wynne.

Take good hede therfor, & saye that ye haue warning
Infidelitas, Exit.

God sende your mother, of yow to haue a fondelynge.

By the masse I thynke, he is wele out of the waye,
Now wyll I contriue, the dryft of an other playe.

I must weike soch wayes, Christes lawe maye not con
tinue,

In a while am I lyke, to haue non els of my retynue,

Companyons I want, to begynne this tragedye,

Namely false doctryne, and hys brother hypocresye.

They wyll not belonge, I suppose now verelye,

By cockes fowle me thynke, I se soch a cumpanye.

Item I saye chyl dren, wyll not my voyce be heardet

As good is a becke, as is a dewe vow garde.

By my honestie welcome, myne owne cōpanyon both.

Pseudodctrina. Intrans.

Thy shalt sure haue, a livery of the same cloth,

Gramercyes by God, my olde frynde Infydelite:

hypocrisis.

What, brother snyp snap, how go the worde with the?

Infidelitas,

What, fryre flyp flap, how saye ye to, Benedicite?

hypocrisis.

Marry nothyng but well, for I crye now aduātrage

Christi lex corrupta

Infidelitas.

At her purse or arse, tell me good fryre succages

Hypocrisis.

By the Messe at both, for I am a great penytensar,
And syr at the pardō, Tush, I am y^e popes owne vycar
If thou lackest a pecc, I knowe where thou mayst be
sped.

With coyse of a score, & brought enen to thy bed.

Pseudodocctrina.

Art thou not ashamed, to talke solyke a fnaues

Hypocrisis.

No, for it is soch gere, as the holiest of vs wyll haue,
Pope, Cardynall, byshop, mōke, chanon prest & fryre,
Not one of ye all, but a woman wyll desyre.

Pseudodocctrina.

Our orders permyt vs not, to haue them in marryage

Hypocrisis.

No, but ye farthe them in, by an other carryage.

Ye do euen as we do, we both are of one rate.

Infidelitas.

By the Messe I laugh, to heare thy whore son prate

Pseudodocctrina.

What fashyon vse ye, to vs here intymate.

Hypocrisis.

Ego distinguish, whether ye wyll haue lyons or parys.

Pseudodocctrina.

Of them both to shewe, it wyll not be farre amys.

Hypocrisis.

Actus quartus.

In parys we haue, the mantell of Saynt Iewes,
Whych women seke moch, for helpe of their barēnes,
For be it ones layed, vpon a womāns bellye,
She go thens with chylde, the myracles are seane
there daylye.

And besydes all thys, yewolde maruele in cōfession,
What our fathers do, to assoyle them of transgression

Johan Theffecelius, assoyled a yonge woman ones,
Behynde the hygh aulter, tyll she cryed out of her
bones,

And as for lyons, there is the length of our lorde,
In a great pyller. She that wyll with a coorde,
Be fast bounde to it, and take soch chaunce as fall,
Shall sure haue chylde, for within it is hollows all.

Tush, I coulde tell ye, of moch more wondre thā this,
In course to heare them, I thynke ye wolde ye blys.

Pseudodoctrina.

As thou hast begunne, go forwarde in it and tell.

Insidelitas.

Soch a knaue I suppose, is not from hens to hell.

hypocrisis

In our relygion, was an holyc popyshe patryarke,
Whych of all bawdrye, myght be the great monarke.
The nōnes to confesse, he went from place to place,
And two hundred of them, he broached in that space.
Many spyces he ate, hys currage to prouoke.

¶ iij

Soch

Christilex corrupta,

Such a fellowe was he, as of that gere had the stroke.

Pseudodoctrina.

Now somewhat wyll I tell, to cōfirme thy tale withall
In kynge ferdynādoryne, in Spayne was a Cardynall
Petrus mendosa, was the very man that I meane,
Of lemans he had, great nombre besyde the quene.
One of hys bastarden, was earle, an other was duke,
Whom also he abused, and thought it no rebuke.

Joannes Cremona, an other good Cardynall,
For refoymacyon, of the clergye spirituall,
Came once into Englaḁe, to dāpne prestes matrimo-
nye.

And the next nyght after, was takē doynge byt cherye.
Doct^r Eckius also, whych fearcely came to dyspute,
In lipsia with luther, myndynge there hym to cōfute

For marryage of prestys, thre chyl dren had that yere,
By thys maye ye se, that sūryme we make mery cheare.
Infidelitas,

Marry that ye do, I shall beare ye recorde now.

But how wyll ye answer, for breafynge of your vow?
Pseudodoctrina.

We neuer breake vowe, so longe as we do not marrye;
Though we in whooredome, be neuer so bolde & busye.
Infidelitas,

By your order than, ye maye walke moch a large.

What hast thou hypocresye, to laye for thy dyscharge.
Saynt

Actus quartus,
Hypocrisis.

Saynt frances habyte, with the holy gyrdle & whode,
Non can go to helle, that therein dye by the rode,
In case saynt frances, be sure vpon their syde,
Els maye they fortune, to be of their purpose wyde,
For I reade of one, that shuld haue gone to the deuill
But the spietes of helle, coulde do to hym non euill.

Tyll saynt frances came, & toke fro hym hys cowle,
Then went he to helle, the fryres ded heare hym
howle.

I wyll therfor serue, S. frances with hart & mynde
With dayly memoyses, that he maye be my frynde.
And than I care not, for all the deuyls in hell,
That I haue tolde yow, is more true than the Gospel.

Infidelitas,

Then are yemore sure, tha monkes for your heretage,
For their landes are here, but ye clayme heauen for
Pseudodoctrina. (aduantage.

Yes is it to them, a very pleasaunt thyng,
Their abbot at home, to be called lorde and kyng.

Infidelitas.

Naye, monke and choile, for here is no kyng but one,
If he be a kyng, hys mace is a mary bone,
And hys crowne a cow toide. Eoch knaues as come
from the cart,

Must be called kynges, for playenge a popysch para,
Pseudodoctrina.

It becomenot the, the Romysch pope so to lorde,

Christi lex corrupta.

Consyderynge he is, the hyghest of the churche.

Infidelitas.

If he be the hyghest, than is he the wother cocke,

Pseudodocrina.

Ah, now I perceyue, thou art dysposed to mocke,
Of all holy churche, he is the pryncypall heade.

Infidelitas:

Marry that is true, he sendeth out bulles vndre lead
And he hath two keyes, the one to open hell,
The other speareth heauen, thus do newe heretykes
They report also, that dogges haue no deuocyon, (tel
To his holy lawes, nor to his olde instruccyon.

Pseudodocrina.

Why shuld dogges hate hym? make that more euys

Infidelitas.

(dent.

They lone no pefe pourege, nor yet reade hearynges in
lent,

Stock fysh nor oysters, but curse hym body and bone,
And wolde his reade spottes, & rotte fysh were gone
Tush, I heare them I, and that maketh me full sad.

Hypocrisia.

Wether thou doest mocke, or els thou art sure mad.

Infidelitas

I heare the people, complayne very much of the.

Pseudodocrina.

What is their pratinge, I praye the hartely tell me.

Infidelitas.

They saye, thou teachest, nothyng but lowe tradycions

And

Actus quartus.

And lyes for lucre, with damnable supersticyons.
And thus they conclude, y^e the draffe of popyshe prystes
Is good ynough for swyne, by whom they meane the
papistes.

Yea, and they saye also, the dyet of men is all,
To most vyle carren, the dogges wyll sonest fall.

Pseudodocrina.

Than do they compare, the papistes vnto dogges.

Infidelitas.

Marry that they do, & to soch swynyshe hogges,
As in swyll & soffe, are brought vp all their lyfe.
Soch are the papistes, they saye both man and wyfe.
They saye of the also, that thou art a noughtry knave.
By proulyng and lyenge, ye fryers wolde all haue.
Thyne order they saye, is spronge euen out of hell.
And all this knowledge, they haue now of the Gospell.

Hypocrisis.

(pell.

Why, where is he now, I besyche the hartely tell.

Infidelitas

By the messe abroad, & I waraunte ye make a renell.
I commoned with hym, and he ded vnderpysse,
Agaynst hym therfor, sumwhat must we denyse.

Pseudodocrina.

Marry that must we, or els it wyll be wronge,
He wyll sure destroye vs, if we do suffer hym longe.
Nedes must we serue hym, as we ones serued Christ.

Infidelitas.

Why madbrayned whores, how ded ye handle Christ?
E v Pseudos

Christi lex corrupta.

Pseudodocrina.

As he preached here, we followed frō place to place,
To trappe hym in snare, and hys doctryne to deface.
Than founde we the meanes, to put hym so to death,
Least he a gaynst vs, shuld open any more breath.
And we set foure knyghtes, to kepe hym downe in hys
grave.

That he neuer more, our lyuynge shuld depraue.

And thus must we serue, the Gospell, no remedye,
Els wyl he destroye, our lyuynge perpetuallye.
Better one were lost, than we shuld peryshe all,
As Cayphas ones sayd, in counsell pharysaycall.

Infidelitas.

By God & wele sayd. Whā ye haue hym i hys grave,
Stāpe hym downe tyll he shyte, & serue hym lyke a
knaue.

Hypocrysis.

We must so ordre hym, that he go no more at large.

Pseudodocrina.

Foure knyghtes wyl we hyre, whō we shall streyght-
ly charge,

To kepe hym downe harde. The first are ambycouse
pielates,

Then conerouse lawers, that Gods worde spyghful
ly hates,

Landes without lernynge, & iustices vnyghtrfull.

These wyl kepe hym downe, and rappe hym on the
scull.

Their

Actus quartus.

Ther someners & ther scribes, I warāde ye shal sters
With balynes and catchpolles, to holde hym downe
every where.

Itrowe Rugge & Corbet, At Norwyth wyll do theire
part,

With wharton of Bongaye, and for my sake put hym
Hypoerysis. (to imart.

And I wyll rayse up, in the vniuersytees,
The seuen sleepers there, to aduāce the popes decrees
As Sorbel & Sims, Durande & Thomas of Aquyne
The mastre of sentens, with Bachon the great deuyn
Bericus de Gādano. And these shal read ad clerū,
Aristotle and Albert, de secretis mulierum,

With the cōmentaries, of Auicē and Auerroes,
And a Phebe Phebe, whych is very good for boyes.
Iul. Iulitas,

yea, and lete the pope, as Gods owne vycar here,
In hys hande thre crosses, & iiii. crownes on hys head
here.

Hys power betokenynge, in heauē, in earth, & in hell
That he maye commaunde, all kynges to subdue the
Pseudolo. Arina. (Gospell.

Hys selfe maye do that, he nede cōmaunde nō other.
Is not he the head, of the holy church our mother?
Maye not he make sayntes, and deuyls at hys owne
pleasure?

Whych hath in hys hādes, the keyes & churches treas.
So wele as he made, S. Hermā first a saynt. (sure.
And twenty years after, of heresy hym attayn:

Christi lex corrupta.

First he sent hym to heauen, by hys canonizacyon,
And from thens to helle, by an excommuniacyon,
We reade of formosus, that after he was dead,
One pope hys syngars, an other cut of hys head,
And threw hys carcas, into the floud of Tyber,
With the head & syngars, as Platina doth remeber.

In token that he, is iudge ouer quyet and dead,
And maye dāpne & saue, by hys pardons vndre lead,
Gylnester the secōde, to the denyll hymself ones gaue,
For that hygh offyce, that he myght dampne & saue.
He offered also, hys stones to Sathan, they saye,
For prestes chastyte, and so went their marriage as

Hypocrisis.

(waye.

Here is one cōmyng, enquire what he intende.

Infidelims.

Here is the Gospell, from hym God vs defende.

Pseudodocrina.

Exit secreto.

Shewe me brother myne, who ded the hyther sende,

Euan gelinm.

The father of heauen, of hys mere benyuolence,

I desyre therfor, to haue fre audyence.

Pseudodocrina.

We mynde than to preache, afore this cumpanye,

Euan gelium.

In the lawes of God, wolde I instruct the gladiye,

For non other waye, there is vnto saluacyon,

But the worde of God, in euery generacyon,

Thos

Actus quartus.

**That quyetmeth, that sancty, yt byngeth vnto heauē
Before hys death, Christ taught the Apostles alway.**

Pseudodocrina.

**Preache here thou shalt not, without the auctoryte,
Of popes or byshopp, or of some of their assynce.**

Euangelium.

Gods word neuer taketh, hys auctoryte of man.

Pseudodocrina.

**Thou shalt not here preache, do thou the best thou canst
Hypocrisis.**

**Gods blessing on your good hart, it is spoken euen
(like a man,**

**ye knowe this daye ser, we haue a full holy feast,
And must go processyū, with the blessed rode of reast.
We haue longe martens, longe laudes, longe houre
longe pyyme.**

**Mass, cū songe, cōplyne, & all must be done i tyme.
Sensyng of the aulters, & castyng of holy water,
Holy breade makynge, with other necessary matter.**

Euangelium.

**Haue God commaūded, any soch thynges to be done
Pseudodocrina.**

**What is that to the, go meddle thou with olde shone,
Canst thou saye but they, are good sygnifycacyons.
Euangelium.**

I saye they are frutes, of your ymagynacyons

**To bynge in lucre, & darken Gods hygh glorie,
Of**

Christi lex corrupta,

Of yow God doth here, no soch vayne beggerye,
Christ neuer sent hys, to shewe sygn, sycacyons,
But hys luyng, worde, to all the chusten nacyns,
Ye forsake the lord, as Esaias doth tell,
And hyghly blasphem, the holie of Israel.

In hys first chaptre, this horryble sentence is,
Quis hæc frustranea quaesuit de manibus uestris.
Who hath requyred, of yow soch sacryfycet
In vayne offer yow, that vncōmaunded seruyce,
Your incense to me, is great abhomyacyon,
I soe abhoere it, and moch detest your fashyon.

Whan ye praye to me, I geue ye non attendaunce,
But auert my face (sayth God) & my countenaunce,
By this ye maye se, that the lord doth not regarde,
Your māgy mutterynge, neyher graunt it any rewarde
Noma wyllt Paule, to speake in the congregacyon
In a straunge language, without interpretacyon.

In your lazyne houres, the flocke do ye not consydre,
But declare your selues, to be Romysh all togydre.
Be not led about (sayth Paule) by any straunge let-
nyng,

What els is your doctryne, but a blynde popysch thyn,
Ge testyfeth also, Non enim ut baptizarem, get
Misi me Christus, sed ut euangelizarem.

Christ hath not me sent, that I shuld baptys,
sayth Paule. But

Actus quartus.

But to preach hys worde, to the comfort of mannyes
soules.

Also, though baptyme be, a thyng very necessarye,
yet must it geue place, to Gods worde, no remedye.
Why than preferre ye, your drafftysh ceremonies?
To the Gospell preachynge: O dampnable iniuries.

Hypocrysis.

Why suffer ye hym, to praele here so longer?

Pseudodocirina.

Get the hens shottly, or with the it wyll be wronge.

Infidelitas.

Intrat.

Peace be here & God, Maistre doctour, by your leave,
That I maye declare, a par done here in my sleue.
Of our lady of Beston, Ingham, and saynt Johanne
nes frarye,

With the indulgence, of. blessyd saynt Antonye.

Pseudodocirina.

Wele, take thy pleasure, and do it hardelye.

Hypocrysis.

Syr, he doth me wroge for this daye it is my a cyon.
To preache my brotherhede, & gather my lymytacyon

Pseudodocirina.

Who first speake first speede, steppe fourth and reade
thy pardon,

And whan he hath done, your course is farther warde

Euangelii.

What course appoynt ye, for preachynge of the Gospell

Pseudodocirina.

I wolde

Christiles corrupta.

I wolde thy Gospell, & thou were both now in hell.

Euangelii.

Why, & shall thy baggage, put by the word of God?

Pseudodocrina.

Thou wilt not be answered, tyll thou sele a sharper rod.

Infidelitas.

Good christen people, I am come hyther verelye,
As a true poctour, of the house of saynt Anthonye. &
Of cleane remysfyon, I haue brought ye indulgence,
A pena & culpa, for all your synne and offence.
By the auctorite, of pope Leo & pope Clement,
Pope Boniface, pope Pius, pope Johan & pope In-
(nocent.

And here I blesse ye, with a wyng of the holy Ghost.
And thonder to saue ye, & fro spretes in euery coost.
Lo, here is a belle, to hange vpon your hogge,
And saue your cattell, from the bytyng of a dogge,
So many as wyll come, to thys holy fraternyte,
Come paye your moneye, & ye shall haue letters of me
Pseudodocrina.

Let me haue a letter, for I wyll be a brother.

Hypocrisis.

Then geue me a belle, for I wyll be another.

Euangelii.

O dampnable leadynge, of Babylonicall sodomites,
Your selues ye declare, to be shamefull hypocrites.
Lorde pyrie thy people, and take awaye these gydes,
These scorners, these robbers, these cruell homycides
God

Actus quartus.

Such prophetes are they, as God ded nener sende,
As Hieremy sayth, they dampnable wayes pretende.

Wo hypocrytes wo, for here ye tryfle and mocke,
With christen people, & the kyngedō of heauē vplocke
Ye counte it a game, to lose that Christ hath bought,
With hye precyouse blood, & here most derely sought
Oh ye are wretches, and pestylent Antichristes,
Minysters of Sagon, and most deceytfull papyfics.

Lyke rauenouse wolues, poore wydowes ye deuoure,
By tytle of prayer, eternall dāpnacyon is youre,
Your owne dreames ye solowe, but matter moch more
wayghye,

Ye do not esteeme, as iudgemēt, saythe, and mercy.
Wo pharysees wo, ye make cleane outwardlye,
But inwardes ye are full, of couetousnesse & baudrye,

Paynted tumbes are ye, a pryenge ryght bewtyfull,
But within ye stynke, & haue thoughtes very, hame
full.

Ye slewe the prophetes, your doynge yet beare wyt
nesse,

How thynke ye to auoyde, that poynt of vnryghteous
nesse?

Oh ragynge serpētes, and vyperouse generacyon,
How can ye escape, the daunger of dampnacyon?
Pseudodoctrina.

Christi lex corrupta,

Who made the so bolde, so medle with his myghte
And teache newe lernynge? An heretyke art thou sure
If due scrup were made, we shuld fynde the (I schynke)

Euangelii,

(no pry-

yes, anoynted of God, but no popyshe Antichrist.

Pseudodoctrina.

Let me se, where are, the letters of thy ooderes

Euangelium

Where Christ hys self is, & not in these same borders
No soch pryst am I, as is anoynted with oyle,
But the holy Gost, for I am non of thys soyle.

Pseudodoctrina.

Here I attache the, for a busse scysmarye.

And wyll the accuse, for an haynouse heretyke.

Lye handes vpon hym, & depryue hym of thys apa-
rell.

Hic veste spoliarum sordidioribus induunt.

Leo, thus wyll I handle, all theyt shall take thy quarrell
Holde waye with thys gere, & laye it fourth a syde.

hypocrisis.

Waye, carry brother myne, for away shalt thou not slyde

Euangelii,

I am not goynge, why doest thou slaunder me?

Infidelitas,

Burne hym to ashes, and shewe to hym no pyrie.

Pseudodoctrina.

Brans

Actus quartus.

Brent shall hence be, if he will nomore do so.

Tell me how sayst thou wilt thou here abjure or not

Evangelium.

I will neyther abjure, nor yet recant Gods glorye.

Pseudodoctrina.

I offered the reason, and thereto thou wilt not applye,

Wele get the forwarde, for thou shalt sure dye.

The temporall power, shall indge the to the fyre,

At our accusment, and holy religyouse desyre.

Evangelium.

Though you for my sake, impryson men cruellye,

I amysb them, stocke them, & them with fagotes frye

Burr me ye shall not, for I can neuer dye,

And they for my sake, shall lyue perpetuallye.

Pseudodoctrina.

Here is a prayngt, with a very vengeance here,

Hypocrysis.

Exeunt cum

This horrible heresyfe, now shall we well recompens

Infidelitas.

Yea, burne hym wele fryre, and letre hym no longer

raygne,

Laye on grene fagotes, to put hym to the more payne.

By the messe I laugh, to se how thys gere doth worke

He is lyke of the, to haue nomore grace than a turke,

For soch knaues they are, as a man shall not lyghely

synde,

And take hell ouer. Companye they are to my mynde

Christilex corrupta.

My busynesse all, is now at a good confusyon,
That I haue here brought, these .iiij. lawes to confusyon
Now shall I be able, to lyue here peaceablye,
And make frowlyke there, with hey how frysta Jolye.
The lawe of Nature, I kest first in a leprye.
By the secrete helpe, of ydolatrie and sodomie.

The lawe of Moses, I made a crypple blynde,
Quaryce & Ambreyon, to helpe me were not behynde
And now Christes lawe, I haue brent for heresy.
By helpe of false doctryne, & my cosyne hypocrisy.
On these same .iiij. lawes, all other lawes depende,
And can not preuaile, now these are at an ende.

If christen gouerners, donot these lawes vphelde,
Their cunyle ordynances, wyll sone be very colde.
Well, thys valeaunt George, hath made them all to
stoupe

Cheare now maye I make, & set cocke on the honpe.
Iyll in all the poties, and byd me welcome hostesse,
And go call me hyther, myncowne swete mynyd Besse

Finis Actus quartus.

Incipit

Incipit Actus quintus.
Vindicta Dei.



Vid gloriaris in malicia: qui potens
es in iniquitate.

Thy vengeable wretch, replete with
poyson and vyce,

Why dost thou thus reioyce, in cruel
tie and malyce?

Thynkest thou that God slepeth, & wyll not hys desēde
And that thy myschefe, shall neuer haue an ende?

The bloude of innocentes, to hym for vengeaunce call
And therfor this houre, must I scarcely vpo the fall

Infidelitas.

Thou sprete of the ayre, I strayghely coniure the here,
By panton & Eraton, and charge the to conno here:

Vindicta Dei.

Thynkest thou to stoppe me, with thy solyshe cōiuracyon
Whom God sendeth hyther, for thy abhomynacyon?

Infidelitas.

What art thou called: thy name to me rehear. e.

Vindicta Dei.

I am vindicta Dei, in pōnyshment most fearce,

With water, with swerde, and with fyre I must the
pearce.

Infidelitas.

Be good in thy offyce, and thou shalt haue monye and
meate.

Vindicta Dei.

By this hyrewarde, thou cannyst not me increase,

f iij Boo

Christe lex corrupta,

But that I wyll do, as God hath me commanded,
For if worldly gyftea, my fure myght haue changed,
The mynerfall worlde, had not bene drowned with
water,

Nor Sodome and Gomor, with so fycry fearfull ma-
ter.

Nor yet the Israelytes, with terrour of the sworde,
With hungre and pestylence, in the anger of Gods
worde,

Pharao in Egypte, the plagues had neuer felte,
Myght I haue bene stopped, for syluer or for gelte,
Into Egypte I brought, ten terriblye pōnyshmentes
Vpon the people, for breakeyng hys commaūdemētes
Their wholsom waters, I turned into bloude,
I multiplyed frogges, to poyso therwith their foudes

I made waspes & dranes, & hem greuoufly to styng,
And all kyndes of flyes, sone after dedd I in buyng
Vpon their cattel, I threwe the foule pestylence,
Boith d. & che, byle & blayne, they had for their offences,
Lyghtenynges and haylynges, destroyed their come
and frure,

A swarne of hungry locustes, their pastours destitute
The space of thre dayes, I gaue them palpable darke-
nesse,

I slewe

Actus quintus,

I slewe the first goate, of mā & beast for thy rudenes
for Ineuerstryke, but for the, Insydelyte.

Infidelitas,

Stryke for me quoth A: By the mary Masse I desye
Vindicta Dei. the.

What, thou wylt not so, thy braynes are not so lyght.

Infidelitas.

Anger me not to moch, for if thou do, I fyght.

Vindicta Dei.

All that wyll not helpe, thy wycked woefynge now,
Whan the stronger come, the weaker must nedes bowe.
The lawe of Nature, infected thou hast with a leprye:

Infidelitas,

Naye, it was not I, but that wytche Idolatrye,
And that polde shorne knave, that men call Sodemye

Vindicta Dei.

Of whom spronge they first: but of Insydelyte:

Therfor thou shalt haue that plague of penalte,

Whych they first tasted, for their inqwyre.

For those two vyces, I drowned the worlde with wate-
ter.

In token wherof, I plague the with the same matter:
hic Infidelitatem lympa percutit.

Infidelitas,

Cush, I desye thy woist. Thys shall not dryue me hēce

for after the floude, with Cham had I residence,

And so contynued, tyll Moyses lawe came in,

With hye iolye tryctes, a newe rule to begyn.

f iij

vindicta

Restauratio legum diuinarum.

Vindicta Dei.

And hym thou corruptedest, with Aaryce & Ambys
And so dedyst leaue hym, in miserable cōdycō. (cycō)
Thou shalt haue therfor, that than to them was due,
Most terryble battayle, the Israclytes vntue,
That tyme ded suffer, for their infydelyte,
Wherfor with thys swerde, I iustlyc bannyshe the.

Bycause thou shalt here, geue place to Christes gospel
Gladio Infidelitatem denuo cedit.

Infidelitas.

Yet wyll I not hene, but agaynst ones rebell.

Sed not I remayne, with Judas and other more.
When Christ preached here, & taught them in vext
hym sore;
yes, & after that, was I with Simon Magus,
With Saander Copperfynth, with Elumas and Se
metrius.

And now I perseuer, amōge y^e rāfc rable of papystes
Teachy. g ther shoulnges, to playe the Antichristes.

Vindicta Dei.

The innocent bloude, of sayntes contynnallye,
Doth call vnto God, to reuenge their inurye,
Agaynst false doctryne, and cursed hypocresye,
Whom thou hast rayfed, the glory of the Gospel,
To darken, and hys fryndes, most myserably to quells
Wherfor thou shalt haue, lyke as thou hast deservyd
for

Actus quintus.

For thy wycked doynges, thy ponyshment now doubled.
Ignis ipsū pcedet, the Propheete Dauid sayth thus
Atq; inflammabit in circuitu inimicos eius.
A consumynge fyre, shall runne before the iudge,
Hys enemyes cousumynge, they shal fynde no refuge.

Ob scelera & culpas hominum, ritusq; nefandos
In cineres ibit tellus, tenuemq; fauillam.

As Mantuan writeth, for the wyckednesse of the,
The earth to ashes, by fyre shall turned be.

Ignis flamma Infidelitatem locum exire cogit
Infidelitas

Credo, credo, credo, I saye. Credo, credo, credo,
To the deuyl of helle, by the Messe I wene I go.

Deus pater.

Exit.

As ye haue seane here, how I haue strycken with hye
The pestilent vyce, of Infydelyte.

So wyll I destroye, in the scarcenesse of myn yre,

All sectes of errour, with their enuynye,

Whych hath rysen out, of that iniquyte.

For as it is sayd, that my hande hath not set.,

Shall vp by the rote, no power maye it lett.

The Apostle Johan, in the Apocalyps doth saye,
He sawe a newe heauen, & a newe earth apersynge.
The olde earth & see, were taken cleane awaye,
That heauē is māys sayth, that earth hys vnder
standynge,

f v

Whom

Restauratio legum diuinarum.

Whom we haue renued, by our most secret workinge,
The olde cancred earth, crylunge with the see,
Whych is superstycion, and Infydelyte.

A newe Hierusalem, the sayd Johan also se,
As a bewtyfull byde, prepared to her husbnde,
Our true faythfull churche, is that same fayr cytie,
Whom we haue censed, by the power of our ryght
hande.

As a spouse to Christ, in euery christen lande.
Dannys hyng the secres, of Babylonicall poperye,
That she in the spiete, maye walke to our gloire.

Resort ye thre lawes, for yow wyll I clere also,
Of soch infeccyons, as by Infydelyte,
Ye haue receyued, That ye with her maye go,
Declarynge the wayes, of Christen lyberte,
That vs she maye take, without perplexite,
For her only God, and be our people styll,
In our / uses walkyng, accordyng to our wyll.

Omnes simul.

At your commaundement, we are most blessed lorde.

Deus pater.

Approche nyghar than, and ye shall be restorde.

Thy lawe of Nature, we first begynne with the,
Restorynge the agayne, to thy first puryte.
Auoide Idolatrye, Auoide vyle Sodomye,

De

Actus quintus.

We charge ye nomore, this lawe to putryfye:
Kepe still that same hart, for a sygne perpetuall,
That thou wert written, in manny's hart first of all.

Thy lawe of Moses, geue me that wayle from the,
No longer shalt thou, neyther blynde nor croked be.
Hens thou Ambycyon, and cursed Couetousnes,
I here bannyshe yow, from this lawe euer doughtles.
Lose not those tables, whych are a token true,
That thou in the flesh, shalt evermore conynue.

Thy lawe of the Gospell, though thou be last of all,
In operacyon yet, thou art the pryncypall.
From the Teryle, hypocresy and false doctryne,
With all that depende, vpon the papystrycall lyne,
Reserue the same booke, for a sygne of heauely poure,
For that booke thou art, that Johan from heauen ded

Naturæ lex.

(deuoure,

Euerlastyng prayse, to thy gloryous maiesty.

Molch lex.

Our heauely gouernour, great is thy gracye & pytie

Christi lex.

Of mankynde thou art, the eternall felicyte.

Naturæ lex.

Now leauest thy seruantes, in thy perpetuall peace.

To do the seruyce, from hens wyll we not ceace.

Molch lex.

For our eyes haue seene, what thou hast now prepared,

for

Restauratio diuinarum legum.

For thy peoples helth, whych hath bene here declared

Christi lex.

Allyght thou hast sent, whych is thy ioyous Gospell,
To the consolacyon of the howse of Israel.

Naturæ lex.

In reioyce of thys, make we some melodye.

Moseh lex.

The name of our God, to prayse and magnysye.

Christi lex.

I assent herto, and wyll synge very gladlye.

Hic ad Dei gloriam cantabunt. In exitu Israel de

Aegypto, Vel aliud simile.

Deus pater:

Now haue we destroyed, the kyngedome of Babylon,

And throwne the great whore, into the bottrōlesse pye,

Restorynge agayne, the true sayth and relligyon.

In the churche, as we haue thought it fyt,

Depurynge these lawes, so to contynue yt.

Man is our creature, & hath grace in our syght,

To dwell with hym now, is our whole hartes dellyght

Man is our people, hys God we are agayne,

With hym wyll we haue, contynuall residence.

Awaye wyll we wype, from hym all sorowe & payne:

Shall no longer, dyspayre for hys offence,

Nor haue i hys soule, any carefull doubt of conspyce

The olde popysynesse, is past whych was dāpnacyon,

We haue now renued, our churche congregacyon,

Grande

Actus quintus.

Secunde laurich churche sayth, & take our aduertysment
We here appoynt the, to gouerne our congregacyon.
Se thou do nothyng, without the admonysment,
Of these thre laures here. Enprient their declaracyon
Of my swete promyses, and than make thurelacyon,
To my folke agayne, that they maye walke to me,
Without popyshe dreames, in a perfygt lyberie.

Fides Christiana.

Most heavenly maker, in yr thou doest commaunde me,
Euermore wyll I, full prompt and dyligent be.

Deus pater.

Thou lawe of Nature, shalt teache man God to knowe
And that to refuse, wherby any yll maye growe.

Naturæ lex.

From thys your precept, shall I not varye I trowe.

Deus pater.

Thou shalt teache hym also, to wooe hym one God above,
And hys poore neyber, to persecute with leue.

Morich lex.

I hope blessed lorde, to do as me shall behoue.

Deus pater.

And thou shalt teache hym, to loue God in hys hart,
And those to forgewe, by whom he suffereth smart.

Christi lex.

In your appoyntmentes, wyll I do also my part.

Deus pater.

Woe it is in the hart, a knowledge necessarye,
In the flesh woe it is, by ourwarde ceremonye.

Change

Restauratio legum diuinarum.

Change this to the spirit, the woestynges of these two,
And cause our people, in a perfyght waye to go.
Take hede churche sayth, to the teachynges of these thre
And moue our people, to walke in the verye.

The promyses we made, in all these thre at Gospell.
We wolde this shouldest so, to our congregacyon tell.
Our euerlastyng blessinge, be with you euermore,
Omnes simul.

To this swete name loude, prayst & perpetuall honon
Fides Christiana. (re.)

It hath pleased God, so put me in this offyce,
To gouerne this church, and churche congregacyon,
And therein to do, as ye shall me entyce.
Geeue me I praye you, soch wholsom exhortacyon,
As maye be to Man, a clere dyscacyon.
And I wyll be glad, to take your aduertysment,
As it shall become, any chyld obedyent.

Christi lex.

Ye speake it full wele, that marke what shall be sayed
And dylygentlye, loke that it be obeyed.

Naturæ lex.

The effect of me, is for to knowe the lorde.
Euerslastyng, stronge, most graciouslye and godlye.
And as touchyng Man, to haue fraternall con corde,
Sauer to noyssh, and to do non iniurye.
To kepe couenautes made, and lowe true matrimonye,
These noble effectes, so temper you in Man.

That

Actus quintus

That them to fulfill, he do the best he can.

Moseh lex.

The effect of me, is for to worship the lorde,
To one God alone, and to fle from Idolatrye,
Not to slee nor stele, nor yet to beare false recorde,
To shewe what is synne, and to seke the remedye,
Publique peace to holde, & sore to pnysh the gyltye,
From these good effectes, set hat Ma neuer swerue,
Than shall he be sure, that God wyll hym preserue.

Christi lex.

The effect of me, is for to loue the lorde,
In the innar spiete, and to sauer frynde & enmye,
And in all poyntes els, with Gods wyll to accorde
To preache remysyon, to saue and to iustysye,
In Christ all to seke, lyfe, iustyce, peace and mercye,
These heauenly effectes, in Man so incorporate,
That he maye in spiete, be newly regenerate.

Fides Christiana.

More swete than honye, are your thre exhortacions,
And registred they be, in my memoryall.
Now wyll I forewarde, to all the Christen nacjons,
And se in effect, these lawes obserued all,
To the abolysment, of the dreames papysticall.
Now the lyght is come, the darkenesse dyeth awaye,
I trust in the lorde, men wyll walke in the daye.

Good Christen people, to these thre lawes applye,
First knowe that ye haue, a lyuynge God aboue,
Then

Actus quintus,

Than do hym honour, and his name magnifye,
Worshyp hym in spiet, as the Gospell yow doth moue
Than obeye your kynge, lyke as shall yow behoue,
For he in his lyfe, that lord doth represent,
To sauegarde of the iust, & synners ponyshment,

Set hat ye regarde, soch lawes as he doth make,
For they are of God, as Salomon doth report.
Of these lawes doubtes, those lawes their grownde
dynge take.

To the publyque welth, to gene ayde, strenght & cōfort
For preseruacyon, of all the christen sort.
In no case folowe, the wayes of Keygnolde Pele,
To hye dampnacyon, he doubtes playeth the sole.

Haue a due respect, unto your contreye natyue,
Whych hath broughte ye vp, & genen ye nuryshment,
Euen from your crables, to these dayes nutrytue,
So that yennaye do, to her welth and preferment,
Nyn ster to her, no hatefull detryment.
A dogge to his frynde, wyll neuer be valouinge,
Let reason in ye, not lose his naturall workynge.

Naturæ lex.

Who lyueth without lawe, shal perysh without lawe
And therfore we haue the lawes to yow descrybed,
That after their lyue, ye shuld in your lyuynge drawe
We haue also shewed, how they haue bene corrupted,
By some Idolaters, and sodomites polluted,

Restauratio diuinarum legum.

By couetouse prestes, and by ambycouse prelates,
Hypocriticall fryres, false doctours & false curates

Molich lex.

Who hath restored, these same three lawes agayne;
But your late Josias, & valeaunt kynge Henrye.
No prynce afore hym, toke euery yet soch payne,
fro Englande to banyshe, Idolatrye & fowle sodomye
Couetousnes. Ambycy, false doctryne & hypocresye.
It was he that brought, Christes veryte to lyght,
Whan he put the pope, with hys fylchymes to flyght.

Christi lex.

From dānable darkenesse, as my brother here doth saye,
He hath delynered, this realme of Englande godlye
Bryngynge hys subiectes, into the true path waye,
Of their foules sauegarde, if they now folowe it waye
felye.

And lest them he hath, the same waye styl to fortyfye,
Hys noble sonne Edward, soch a kynge of god elect
As questyonles wyll, perfourme it in effect.

Fides Christiana.

Praye all to the lorde, for the longe continuance,
Of hys graces lyfe, in this wolde habytacyon.
And that of hys nobles, he haue true mayntenance,
In the pryncples, of this most worthy foundacyon.
That he maye to Christ, brynge vs from desolacyon.
Praye for quene Katerine, & y^e noble lorde protectour
With the whole counsell, that God be their directour,
Amen.

Into fyue personages maye the partes
of this Comedy be demyded.

The Prolocutour.
Christen sayth.
Infydelyte.
The first.

The lawe of Nature.
Covetousnesse.
False doctryne.
The seconde.

The lawe of Moses.
Idolatrie.
Hypocresye.
The third.

The lawe of Christ.
Ambycyon.
Sodomie.
The fourth.

Deus pater.
Vindicta Dei.
The fift.

The aparellinge of the six vyces, or
frutes of Infydelyte.

Lette Idolatry be decked lyke an olde wythe, Sodomy lyke a monke of all sectes, Ambycyon lyke a byshop, Covetousnesse lyke a pharyse or spirituall lawer, false doctryne lyke a popyshe doctour, and hypocresy lyke a graye fryre. The rest of the partes are easye ynough to coniecture.



A longe upon Benedictus

Compyled by Johan Bale.



Benedictus Dominus, Deus Is-
rael,
Whych hath overthrown, the
myghty Idoll Bel,
The false god of Rome, by power
of the Gospell,
And hath prepared, from the
depe lake of hell,
Redemptionem plebsi sue.

Et crevit cornu, of mercy helth and grace,
That cruell tyrant, now clerely is deface,
Whose bloudy kyngedome, demynysbeth apace,
By the worde of God, whych lately hath take place,
In domo David pueri sui,

Sicut locutus est, the loude celestyall,
That Romysh Antichrist, is lyke to haue a fall,
With hys whole rable, of sekres dyabolycall,
And now the nombre, wyll floorysh ouer all,
Prophetarum eius.

Salutem ex inimicis, now we maye dayly heare,

The enemyes of Christ with hym doth wytnesse beare
Saul is become a paul, and preacheth euery where,
Now maye we receyue, most heauenly wholsom geare
De manu eorum qui oderunt nos.

Ad faciendam, misericordiam,
The sonne of our God, from hys hygh glory came,
To redeme the synne of the chyldren of Adam,
And to remembre, to faythfull Abraham,
Testamenti sui sancti.

Iurandum, whych God hath made afore,
Vnto our fathers, he wyll kepe evermore,
Promysed he hath, if we regarde hys loze,
Forsakyng the pope, with hys dampnable stowe,
Daturum se nobis.

De sine timore, from Romyshtyrantes fre,
The lorde graunt vs grace, that we maye speake of he,
Of hys holy worde, and therin to agre,
That in the Gospell, and christen lyberte,
Seruiamus illi.

In sanctitate, and purenesse of lyfe,
Let vs now trauayle, both mayden man and wyfe,
All ryght wys doynge, in vs be cuer ryfe,
That we perseuer, withour debate or stryfe,
Omnibus diebus nostris,

**Tu puer propheta, elected of the soude,
Kynge Edward the sixt, to haue Gods lame restorde,
Followest Josias, therof to take recorde,
In all thy doynges, and in Gods holy worde,
Parare vias eius.**

**Ad dandam scientiam, for mennys helth & safegarde
Christes holy Gospel, by the is frelye hearde,
Wherin doth consist, their lyfe and full rewarde,
With preseruacyon, from daungerouse icaparde,
Peccatorum eorum.**

**Per viscera, misericordiz,
Christ our dere master, vs dayly ouerse,
Least we here perysh, in our iniquyte,
Our medyatour, continually is he,
Oriens ex alto.**

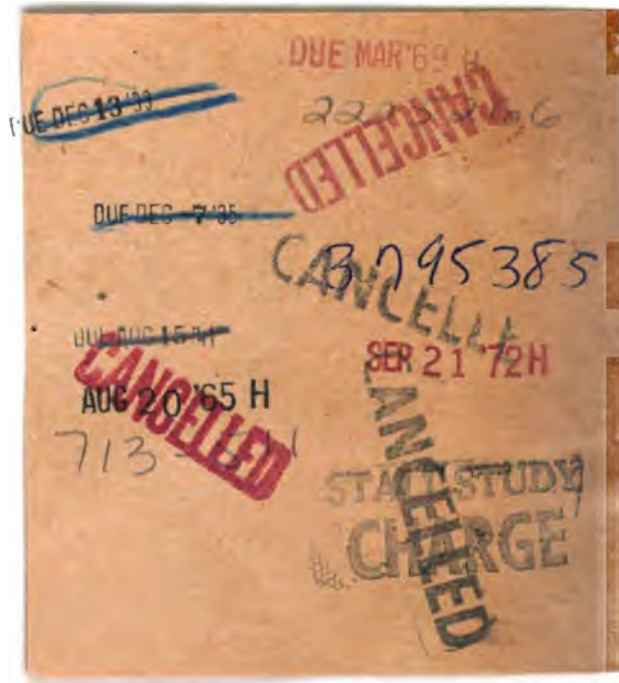
**Illuminare, swete lorde we the desyre,
Comen in darkenesse, and in the poppish myre,
Lete not hys baggage, thy faythfull seruaunt esyre,
But vs deliuer, from them and from hell fyre,
In uiam pacis,
Amen.**

Byt

The commaundementes brentise.
Love thy lord God. Swear thou not othe.
Thy sabbath kepe, Please thy fryndes bothe.
Wymes non fill. Holde no manns wyse.
Bryde no manns good. Sle not with knyfe.
Wysch no manns howse, Nor oxe nor asse.
Nether wylt haue, So thou lyte casse.

Thus endeth this Comedy
concernynge thre lawes, of Nature, Mo-
ses, and Christ, corrupted by the Sodomy-
tes, Pharisees & papystes most wycked.
Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno
M. D. XXXVIII, and lately im-
printed per Nicolaum
Bamburgensem





1942-1943
A comedy concerning three laws of N
Widener Library 005701917



3 2044 086 762 887